THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW-YORK, March 27th, 1832.

Dear Tim,—There are some advantages and some disadvantages in living in a large city. Among the latter I consider the boarding-houses the greatest.—You see every body that lives in New-York boards out if he aint worth an independent fortune so as to keep house on his own book. But I guess there aint much comfort in keeping house, cause why? you are bothered to death about help—you cant keep a cow and you have to pay plagy dear for milk, that is half water. Then too if you hire a house you must pay the rent and that aint less than a thousand dollars a year for any thing of a sizeable tenement down town. The consequence is that not one man in twenty can support these expenses, and so the other nineteen are obliged to take up with just such lodgings as they can afford to pay for—that is, they live in boarding-houses.

But the matter aint much mended I guess. You go to a boarding-house, for instance, and you find there some forty or fifty persons, of all nations under the sun, crowded together at table—crowded together in their bed-rooms, and crowded in every part of the house. You don't know a soul of them, perhaps, and a soul of them dont know you—the very next fellow that sits by you at table or the one that sleeps in the same room with you, may be a pick-pocket and steal your pocket-book or pocket-handkerchief without your knowing on't. You meet Englishmen and Irishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Germans, all at the *same table*, and such a jabbering and confusion of *tongues*, I guess you never heard, not even at a town meeting. The Yankees—as they call us New-Englanders—are generally the majority in the New-York boarding-houses, as they are every where else, and endeavor to keep up the old primitive manners, handed down to them with so much care by their forefathers.

I *fear*, however, that this mixing in of foreigners and our own countrymen will come to no good bimeby. Already they are undermining some of our good orthodox principles—for instance, they don't make no more account of sabbath day than any other day, and read novels or stroll about the streets without once thinking of going to meeting—what do you say to that, Tim? and what do you think old deacon Simeon would say, who has been to meeting every Sunday, forenoon and afternoon service, rain or shine, these six and forty years—I guess he'd say the world world was coming to an end and that pretty quick, even without the help of the comet. Then these foreigners are introducing their outlandish customs into our boarding-houses, the very thought of which is enough to make an honest Yankee redden with indignation. I wont mention but one, and that is their waltzing, as they call it, and which they say is practised in all good society in the old world. Save me from such excessively *good* society, say I.

The fact is, as I said before, no good whatever can come of these fashions, and in particular of waltzing. One of our city papers the other day gave ten good reasons why young ladies should not commit this sin, and was I going to make the eleventh commandment, it should be, Thou shalt not waltz. Only think of it, Tim, for a moment—put the case to yourself—suppose your Sally should be boarding in New-York where was a lot of these dancing Frenchmen, and one of them should ax her out to waltz in a room full of company. Now I tell you what, if she should undertake it, it would do more to upset all her notions of modesty and good manners, in one evening, than all the balls and dances she ever went to in her life—but if she did undertake it, ten chances to one if she succeeded any better than I did—for I tried the abominable thing once—fool that I was—as I'm going to tell you.

You see in our boarding-house there were four or five Frenchmen and they used to be waltzing every night with the girls in the house to kill. The girls all thought it was a dreadful pretty thing to waltz with a Frenchman and were always rating me for lecturing against it, and laughing at my folly in abstaining from it. You know, Tim, it aint in the power of any mortal man to endure long a woman's tongue—to hear it continually going, click clack, click clack, morning, noon and night, from sunrise to sunset—it will wear him out in time, just as a constant dripping of water on the head will wear through to the brain, which was considered a little the severest torture in the Spanish Inquisition—but I guess a woman's tongue is one touch beyond that, and I wonder those rascally old friers did not find it out—but that has nothing to do with my story, only that I couldn't stand a woman's tongue and so at last concluded to join in a waltz.

There was to be a large party at our house, and I thought it would be a grand chance to make my first attempt, 'cause you know a man aint noticed so much in a crowd if he makes a blunder. Well, I put myself under regular training for my first exhibition. I don't mean that I went to a dancing-master—not I—I aint such a fool as to throw away money on these fellows—but I used to watch the Frenchmen every night when they were waltzing, and see exactly the kind of steps they took. I wish I could describe them to you—they aint no more like the double shuffle than a seed cowcumber is like a pumpkin pie. You stand up in the middle of the room with your partner, and you begin scraping round her and round her, just like a hen scratching gravel for her chickens, the music all the while playing as slow as Saul's dead march or the tune the old cow died of—then you put your arm round her waist, and she her's round you—mighty affectionate it looks I tell you—and you commence poking your foot here and your foot there, and swinging and whirling in little semicircles round the room, till you get fagged out.

After I'd watched the steps I used to go to my own room and try to imitate them—and for the want of a better partner I used to waltz with a high back three legged chair. We got so at last that we could go it to a charm—the only difference was that I generally got tired out first, because, I suppose, I had but two legs and my partner had three. The party night came, and found me, as I thought, fully prepared to encounter the perils of the waltzing. I guess I tied on my neck handkerchief ten times before I got a bow to suit me. I was dressed mighty particular, and had on a pair of pumps as shiny as glass bottles. I felt some misgivings when I reflected on what I was about doing—I couldn't help thinking what your Sally would say—but she may depend on't, I'll never waltz again as long as my name is Enoch. The room was chock full except the middle, and there they were waltzing it. I looked on for a long time, but couldn't get my courage screwed up to the point. At last a pretty looking girl steps up and says she to me, "Don't you waltz, sir?" "Just as it happens, marm," says I, "but seeing it is you I don't care if I do," and with that I gave her a right out invitation. This she accepted, and I put my best foot foremost as I led her out.

Behold me now, Tim, right in the midst of a tarnal lot of beauties, staring at me with all their eyes, and some of them with quizzing glasses to boot, just as if I was a fat ox at the cattle show. I didn't like this, but there was no backing out now. The music begins—I throws my arm round the lady, and she does the same by me—and we begin to toe it round the room pretty cute I tell you. I couldn't help thinking that I waltzed as well as any of them, even if I did learn with a chair. The girls all cried out "How beautifully he waltzes." Crackee! thinks I, I shall have my hands full now—the old chair may go to the ——— just at that moment, my foot came in contact with my partner's, and without thinking of the difference between my former one and the present, I gave another turn in the same direction, and each tripping the other, over we went headlong on the floor! Luckily I fell undermost and the girl wa'nt much bruised—but as for me I saw stars pretty thick for a moment or two—but they raised such an all-fired laugh among them, that I jumped up as quick as a shot, and joined in the laugh with the loudest of them. I guess this ere affair cured me of ever waltzing with any other partner but a three legged chair.

Yours, ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

MUD, MUD, MUD.—Our streets, in the lower part of the city, are literally overflowed with mud. Piles of it may be seen in William, Pine, Cedar and other streets, which has lain there for weeks, constantly accumulating. A few days since, we saw in these streets, a number of mounds, reared by the exertions of those who were in danger of being inundated, on which were play-cards to the following effect; "Sacred to the memory of James Bloodgood, Street Inspector." "Mud for sale—apply to the City Corporation." "Rich alluvial soil." "Bottom Lands—cheap for cash," &c. &c. Seriously, such things should not be in a city possessing such ample resources as ours. Our streets *can* be kept clean, and should be kept so. Let the expense be what it may—in this respect we do hope for a thorough reform.

D.

ACIDULATED DROPS.—We would caution persons against making too free a use of this species of confectionary. The acidity of its taste is produced by vitriol or sulphuric acid, a small portion of which answers a good purpose in colds, but when taken in any large quantity, has a very deleterious effect. A number of instances have lately come under our own personal observation, of violent vomiting, occasioned by eating the acidulated drops, such as are sold at the shops. Parents should in particular guard their children against the use of this kind of confectionary, which was never intended to be used as confectionary, but only as a remedy for colds, and then to be taken in small quantities. We believe the article is sometimes sold under the name of Lemon Drops. D.

JOHN DAY—A PATHETIC BALLAD.

A Day after the Fair.—*Old Proverb.*

John Day he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wish'd his box a Christmas-box,
To come but once a-year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armour can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he loved,
From whom he never ranged;
For though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like her's.

One day, as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, 'My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man;
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.'

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;
The maid was shy and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth—
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

'Oh, Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half.'

Alas! in vain he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link,
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath;
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close;
For looking in the butt she saw
The butt end of her woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown—
But that is only talk;
For, after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

A GALLOWS MISTAKE.

BY LIEUT. SHIPP.

During the memorable campaign in Bengal, in the year 1804, against the predatory marauder Jeswent Toco Holcar, who took it into his unwise head to make an excursion through one of the finest provinces of India, the Doab, one of Holcar's spies, fell into the hands of the Hon. the East India Company's troops. Another person had been previously apprehended on suspicion of being a spy, but from fear, or apathy, or some other cause, they could not get him to speak. The two prisoners were put in the same tent, and during the night the real spy managed to give the supposed one some opium as to make him quite stupid. He then exchanged clothes with him. The prisoners were both of one name, and not unlike in person, and all they could be distinguished by was the difference in their dress. In the morning the provost marshal went into the tent and read aloud their sentences. "You Nunkoopunt are to be hanged,"—(meaning of course the real spy)—"and you Nunkoopunt are to be flogged and discharged." He then went to prepare the implements of death, and to erect the apparatus for flogging, when the following dialogue took place between the two Nunkoopunts.

Nunkoo the spy took the other by the hand and said, "Brother Nunkoo, I wish I was thee, to be hanged outright." "Indeed," calmly replied the other; "well I willingly resign the honor, if I am really to be hanged." "Hanged?" replied Nunkoo, "that you assuredly will be—your die of life is cast." "But, said the other, "are you sure the white man meant me to be hanged?" "As sure, Nunkoopunt, as you sit there." "If so, why do you wish to take my place?"—"Why," said Nunkoo the spy, "they intend first to flog the flesh off my bones, and then to skin me alive, to crack every bone in my body, then roast or fry me, and then hang me; therefore have I got good reason to wish to be placed in your shoes, while you have only the trouble of being handed?" "Then I'd meet my fate like a man; but why should they hang me, I am no spy!" "True—they hang you because they know me to be the spy." The serjeant now bellowed out—"Come forth, Nunkoopunt who is to be hanged!" Here the spy, to complete his stratagem, rose and said, "friend, I am to be hanged—you are to be flogged, skinned alive and then hung." "Alla! so I am," and he sat down. The other Nunkoo then went forth to execution. The spy afterwards received his twelve dozen lashes, upon which one of the drummers, who well knew the real spy, said "Serjeant you have hung the wrong man!" The serjeant looking him full in the face, discovered that he had. The provost marshal here rode up, when the serjeant went up to him and said, "Sir, I have made a small mistake."—"Indeed," said the provost marshal—"what's that, serjeant?"—"Why, I have only hung the wrong man!" "Oh, is that all, never mind, as long as you have hung one of them, it matters little which;"—and having said this, the provost marshal rode on. When Nunkoo was set at liberty, he took to his heels for fear they might change their minds; and he never again, I venture to say, entered a British camp, where they are apt to make such trifling mistakes!

A Seven-Fold Intermarriage.—A pretty considerable piece of matrimonial business has been latterly transacted at Saco, Maine. On Christmas Eve the Rev. Wm. Jenkins, married Messrs. Theophilus, Richard, Thomas, Titus, Jonathan, Ebenezer and John Hutcheson—to Misses Martha, Eliza, Sarah Ann, Mary, Judith, Virginia and Peggy Wells. We don't see such matches every day—the Eastern people are very ingenious as all the world knows. Domestic Improvement is everything with them—a Yankee will improve you a half horse or horse-chesnut at your option, a pincushion or an Ottoman. Such matrimonial compacts as the foregoing are worthy of legislative encouragement.—*Miners' Journal.*

NOBILITY.—A name is nothing;—but a condition of opulence, a habit of receiving homage, a want of regular and definite employment, and implied superiority to the rest of the species; all this is injurious to humanity; it makes weak heads silly, and wicked hearts despicable.—*Usurer's Daughter.*

MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE.

"A young merchant in the city was seized with the symptoms of the disorder, just as the day had been fixed, which was to unite him with his mistress.—Some difficulties had been thrown in the way of the union by a crabbed guardian; and many hours had not elapsed from their removal, and every thing been settled, (which the lover hastened to see done with the greatest impatience,) when the terrible spots appeared, that were to cut him off from communion with the uninfected. It is supposed, that the obstacles in the first instance, and the hurry afterwards, threw his blood in a ferment, which exasperated the attack. He wished to make light of the matter, and to go about his ordinary concerns; but the strangeness of his sensations, and the thought of the peril that he might bring to his mistress, soon made him give up this pretention. He said, that his horror at first inclined him to cry aloud, to tear his hair, and dash himself against the wall of the room; but the thoughts of her again controlled him and he resolved to go through everything as patiently as might be, lest he should add to his chances of losing her. He sent her a message to that effect, bidding her be of good heart; and then, in a passion of tears, which he resolved should be his last but which, he said, seemed to give him a wonderful kind of humble support, betook himself to his prayers, and so to his bed.

He was soon left alone with none but an old nurse to attend him; but as he did not sleep, and the good woman, observing him tranquil, slept a great deal, he thought next day, he might as well rise and go into the garden for a little air.

The garden, though in the city, was a very pretty one, and built about on some grounds, belonging on one side to a church, and on the other to a field where they shot at butts, was removed both from sight and noise, and might be called even solitary. He found himself alarmingly weak; and the air, instead of relieving, seemed to bring the weight of an oven with it; but there was grass and roses; and he thought it would add to the grace of his memory with her he loved, if he died in so sweet a spot, rather than in the house. Besides, he could not bear to think of dying, in what he hoped would have been his bridal bed.—These reflections made him again shed tears in spite of himself, and he lay down on a bench under a tree, wishing he could melt away in that tender despair.

The young gentleman guessed that he had laid in this way a good hour, during which he had a sleep that a little refreshed him, when he heard himself called by his name. He thought it was the nurse, and looked towards the house, but saw nobody. The name was repeated twice, the last time with the addition of an epithet of tenderness, which he knew could come from no such person. His heart began to beat; and his ear guiding him truly to the voice, which he now recognized, he saw, on the top of the wall nearly opposite him, and under a tree which overhung it from the outside, his beloved mistress, holding with one hand on a bough, and with the other supporting herself in the posture of one who intended to come down. 'Oh, Richard!' said she 'what a blessing to find you here, and nobody to hinder me! I have cheated them, and slunk away,—my love! my life!'

Our lover said, these last little words had a wonderful effect on him. With all her tenderness, his betrothed bride had never yet indulged it so far as to utter such 'conjugal' words, (that was his phrase.) He said, they seemed to give her a right to join him; and they filled him with such love and gratitude, that the very languor of his illness became confounded with a bewitching pleasure.

He confessed, that the dread of her being infected, though it still recurred to him, was much fainter than before. However, he the more thought it was his duty to urge it, and did so. But the lady had no such dread. She had come on purpose to brave it. In vain he spoke as loudly as he could, and rose up and began to drag his steps towards her; in vain he made signs to her not to descend. 'Dearest Richard,' said she, 'if you cannot help me down, it is but an easy jump, and do you think any thing will induce me to go back? I am come to nurse you and make you happy.'

'You will die,' said the lover, in a faint voice, now arrived within hearing, and still making signs of refusal.

'Oh no: heaven will bless us,' cried she: 'I will *not* go back, mark me; I will not indeed; I cannot, much less now I have seen you, and in that sick gown. But I see you cannot help me down. You are unable. Therefore I come.'

With these words she made the jump, and the next minute was supporting him in her arms. She put her arms around him, and took his repelling hand into hers, and raising herself kissed him on the mouth, saying, 'Now I belong to you. Let me seat you on the bench, and get you some drink. I am your wife now, and your dear servant, and your nurse.'

Their eyes were filled with tears, and the lover could only lift his head towards heaven, as much as to say, that, 'they should at all events live there.'—Not being able to reach the bench, he sat down in a thicket of roses. The young lady went to get him some drink, and returned with the news that she had waked the astonished nurse, and sent her to tell her guardian where she was. Nobody expected him to venture to come and fetch her, and he did not.

He told the gentleman who had these particulars from him, that this behaviour of his betrothed bride, put him in a state so new and transporting, that he conceived an alteration of his blood must have taken place, very speedily after her return from the house. for though he could hardly bear his delight, he began manifestly to get better within an hour afterwards.—The lady never received the infection."—*Ralph Esher.*

THE AGA OF THE JANIZARIES.

(Continued.)

Winter began to blow, freeze, and sleet from the tops of the Carpathians; and the allies, fully satisfied with having been beaten for three months without intermission, and already harrassed almost to death, rejoiced in the sight of the first sheets of snow on the hills, as an omen of winter quarters.—But the Aga of the Janizaries told his troops that now was the time to smite both black beard and yellow—that cowards required warm weather to put blood into their veins, but that brave men could fight in all weathers. He grew more adventurous than ever, dashed with his Spahis at every thing that appeared within a horizon of a hundred miles, broke into the detached camps of the allied forces, took cannon, ammunition, and waggons: and, before a month was out sent a pile of standards to Constantinople long enough to hang the ceiling of the Santa Sophia, and beards and mustaches enough to stuff all the footstools of the Seraglio. Joseph and Catharine were astonished. Alarm followed, and then wisdom. They sent a proposal for an armistice to the Vizier. The Vizier for once laid aside his pipe, and prepared to forward the envoy to the Sultan. Caramata came in during the conference, ordered the envoy to be seized, gave him into the hands of his Delhis, and turned him out of the camp with a solemn declaration, that the next envoy should have his choice of the bastinado, or the mouth of the largest howitzer in the Turkish lines. The Vizier said 'Allah il Allah,' resumed his pipe and said no more. The envoy was escorted to the enemy's camp, and on that night Cobourg found his tents on fire about his ears, and was forced to make his way as well as he could towards the Barmat. Within three nights after, the redoubtable Suwarrow was forced to fight his way through ten thousand gallant horse, who stripped him of every gun and fragment of baggage. Bender and Belgrade were now both effectually cleared. The Sultan sent his Aga the Chelcuk* of honor; the Vizier was ordered to Constantinople, there to cure his asthma by the fresh air of the Bosphorus, and Hassan Caramata was appointed in his room, first counsellor to the king of kings, commander of the armies of the faithful, and vanquisher of all the unbelievers and Kafirs under the sun.

The campaign began again; Leopold had succeeded Joseph, and he resolved to distinguish himself at three hundred miles distance by the cheap heroism of a cabinet warrior. He sent an autograph letter to Cobourg, commanding him to signalize the new reign by a victory. Cobourg took the field with a hundred battalions and sixty squadrons. He moved to the field famous for its name, half Greek half Slavonic; but more famous still, for its demolishing the virgin laurels of the Emperor. At Terkagukuli he pitched his huge camp, gave a banquet in honor of the new hero of the House of Hapsburg, and, after it, rode out to fix upon the spot in which he was to annihilate the Infidels.

In half an hour he came flying back into his lines, with Hassan and fifteen thousand of the finest cavalry in the world thundering after him. Never had Prince of the Holy Roman Empire a narrower escape of being sent to his illustrious forefathers. The sixty squadrons were booted and mounted just in time to be charged, rode over, and broke into fragments. The aide-de-camp who carried the news of the battle to Vienna, announced that the Prince had gained an unequalled victory, but, 'that he required *reinforcements* to follow up the blow.' Hassan sent no aide de-camp to Constantinople, but he sent a waggon containing as many Crosses and Eagles, St. Andrew's and St. Peter's, as would have paved the audience hall of the Seraglio, or made buckles and bracelets for the whole haram, Nubians, Kislar Aga and all. The Austrians were thunderstruck, but they sung Te Deum. The Turks followed the flying Prince, and stripped him of his standards, guns and foragers, as they had done the Russians before. The Allies proposed an armistice, in pity, as they declared, for the waste of Moslem blood. The Turks galloped on, and, without any similar compliments to the spirit of philosophy, cut up the hundred battalions as they had cut up the sixty squadrons. The days of Ruperti seemed to be come again, and Leopold the victorious began to think of clearing out the fosse, and rebuilding the ramparts of Vienna.

But the city of the Danube was no longer to be besieged by a Turk, nor saved by a Pole. Hassan Caramata disappeared. His scimitar, worth a province in jewels; his state turban, embroidered by the supreme fingers of the Sultana Valide herself; his horse furniture, the present of the Sultan, and too brilliant for the eye to look upon, except under its web of Shiraz silk twist—all remained in his tent, and were all that remained of the famous Hassan Caramata Vizier. A crowd of reports attempted to account for his sudden disappearance. By some he was thought to have fallen in a skirmish, into the midst of which he was seen plunging, with his usual desperate intrepidity, a few days before. But this, the Delhis to a man, swore by their beards, was an utter impossibility; for what swordsman in the Austrian cavalry could stand for a moment before the fiery blade of Hassan? Others thought that he had been sent for privately by the Sultan, as usual, to converse on matters of state, and have his head cut off. But this was disputed too—for, fond as Sultans may naturally be of cutting off heads, Hassan's was one that kept the Sultan's on the shoulders of the Father of the Faithful. The Rumeliotes however, began to discover, according to the custom of their country, that there was witchcraft in the business, from beginning to end. They remembered Hassan's countenance—the withered lip, never smiling except with some sarcasm that cut to the soul—the solemn, foreboding, melancholy brow—the look of magnificent beauty, but tarnished by bitter memory, or fearful sufferings. For all those, what manufacturer could be found but the old enemy of man? Zatanai himself had shaped the face of Hassan; and why not shape his fortunes too? This accounted for his coming, none knew whence—his gaining the Sultan's favour, none knew how—and his going, it puzzled all the philosophers in the army to say where.

The witchcraft solution settled all difficulties. Hassan was a *ghoul*; a son of darkness, let loose from his bed, five thousand miles deep, to spend a few uneasy years on the upper surface of the world; or a magician, bargaining for a short period of power and honors, and suddenly carried off, to complete his bargain. The Delhis, however, pledged themselves to cut off the mustaches, and the head along with them, of any son of clay who dared to think, much more to assert, that their friend, favorite, and captain, was not a true man, a first rate Delhi, and worth all the Viziers that ever kissed the dust off the slippers of the Padishah, since the days of Abubeker.

The news reached the allies. It was worth all their *feux-de-joie*. Every soldier in Vienna was instantly sent to fill up the ranks of the victorious general, who was always beaten. Good news came still. Yussuf Pacha was re-appointed Vizier: and in a fortnight reached the camp, with his pillows, his pipe, and his asthma. In another fortnight he had made up his mind to fight; and he moved to find out Cobourg and the Russians. The Moslemen shook their heads, wished old Yussuf at his pillau in Constantinople again, shouted 'Allah il allah,' and marched to the memorable plain of Rymnik, making up their minds to drink the sweetest sherbet of immortality. Old Yussuf was as brave as a lion, with the brains of an ass. He carried one hundred and fifteen thousand true believers into the teeth of the Austrian and Russian batteries—fought like a hero and a blockhead—and before sunset lost fifty thousand of his troops, his two camps, and the little understanding that seventy years had left him, and all the fruits of all the triumphs of Hassan Caramata. Evil days now fell upon the Father of the Faithful. The Delhis rode back to the capital, and vowed vengeance on the murderer of their great leader. The Sultan declared himself innocent, but offered them any head of his ministers in exchange. They demanded his own. He admitted, like all Sultans, their right to the demand, but offered them, in the mean time, the head of the Vizier. Yussuf was sent for, acquainted with the necessities of the state, and, in half an hour after, his head was thrown over the seraglio wall. The war was at an end. The Russians and Austrians had forced a peace. The Sultan gave all they asked; and Turkey was stripped of all that she had conquered during half a century. Still no tidings had been heard of Hassan.

Towards the close of the year 1830, immediately after the new lesson which the Turks received from the yellow beards, and the new evidence that Viziers from the cobbler's stalls, and admirals from the stables, were not the natural props of a falling empire, a party of Italian draughtsmen, who had been sent out by the Genoese Jews, the established speculators in all articles of *vertu*, to make drawings, make bargains, and, according to custom, steal what they could among the fine ruins lately discovered by the English consul at Salonichi, were, by some absurdity of their own, enveloped in a column of the Ottomans, on their way home from Shumla. The unlucky artists were of course stripped to their trowsers, and ordered to march. The natural consequence would have been, that after a day or two of starving, hurrying through rugged roads without shoes, and sleeping under the canopy of the skies, they would have either made their last bed in the marshes of Thessaly, or left their bones for the foxes and ravens of Pindus; but this is still no unclassic land, though trampled by the hoof of the swinish Ottoman, or *harried* by the lance of the mountaineer Albanian. The unfortunate Italians were under the wing of the Muses, and, like the Athenians in Syracuse, found the advantage of having received a civilized education.

On the second evening of their capture, as the column halted in a miserable village at the foot of the mountains, the lucky accident of finding some date brandy in the corner of their hut for the night, put the captain of the escort into such a state of drunken good humor, that he ordered his captives to share it, by dancing the Romaika along with him. Half dead as they were, they complied. He then ordered a song to set him asleep. The Italians were in no *forte* for melody; but the captain's commands were peremptory, and the song was sung. While it was going on, an old merchant, attracted by the sound, came to the door of the hut, and speaking Italian, of a better quality than the *lingua franca* of the half savages around him, offered his services. He finally found them some food, by his influence with the peasantry; and, by a still more useful influence, some piastres duly administered, obtained the Turk's leave for them to remain under his prescriptions for a few days, until their feet were healed, and their fatigues sufficiently got rid of to follow him. The Marabout took them up the mountain, provided, if not a cottage for them, at least a cavern, and for a month also furnished them with the means of subsistence until they could communicate with their friends.

As the season advanced, and the Italians began to make preparations for returning home—for the compact with the captain was probably not expected by either party to have been very conscientiously kept, and the captain himself was as probably by that time, either shot or sabred—the Marabout's uneasiness grew obvious. He at length acknowledged himself an Italian, and even a Genoese, but omitted to account for his Mahometan habit, his life, and his profession. He was not urged upon the subject. The time of their departure came. The old man's cares were unremitting to the last: and with provisions, some piastres, and a shower of benedictions, he sent them forward to the sunny land of mimes, monks, and guitars.

Before the week was over, they found the Marabout among them again. But, a merchant no longer, he was now an Italian pilgrim, such as one sees every Easter by the hundred, by the hundred shrines of the little dingy Madonnas in Rome. He told them, that after their departure he had found solitude doubly irksome; that old recollections had come again upon him; and, in short, that he was born an Italian, an Italian he would die. They brought him with them to Genoa, installed him, by his own desire, in a convent there; the very superior of which forgot to ask questions touching the previous faith of a brother who went through his *ave*s and *miserieordes* with such perfection. There he remained for some months, going through the duties with a rigour and punctuality that prodigiously edified the brotherhood. He was the admiration of the women too, for his stature and countenance had scarcely felt the effect of years, further than in a slight bend in the one, and paleness and thinness in the other. But his eye was the eagle's still, and his step had the loftiness and stride of the mountaineer. As he passed through the streets with his bare head, venerable by a few silver locks at the side, and his fine bold physiognomy, he inevitably caught the eye of strangers, and, under those circumstances, I myself remember to have remarked him among the mob of mean or fierce faces that crowd every corner of the city of the Dorias. It happened also that my *cicerone* was one of the captured draughtsmen, and from him I heard the particulars of Fra Paulo, or Giovanni's life, I forgot which—particulars which my Italian friend would probably not have intrusted to a less heretical ear.

So far, my story has nothing uncommon in it, and the misfortune is, that the sequel is only too much in the common form to be worth the modern taste for romance. The old man, some time after my departure, was found dead on his bed, without any mystery of assassination being called in to account for it; nor was there much in the case, when we learned that he was eighty-three, a disease that defies medicine, and has no want of the *speducci* to settle its account with the world. There is nothing more out of the routine, in the fact that the old merchant left a confession behind him; for every monk confesses to some one or other, and the old merchant had matters on his mind which he could not have, without utter expulsion and ruin, suffered to drop into the most prudent ear within the walls of Genoa, or, perhaps, the shores of Italy. He thus at once saved his religious honour, and disburdened his conscience, by committing his memory to paper, and making my cicerone friend the residuary legatee of his sins. But even the record of such matters is a delicate possession in *bella Italia*, and my friend expressed his gratitude in all the hyperbole of native eloquence, on my desiring him to collect all the *membra disjecta* of the old man's pen, transfer them to me under the Ambassador's cover, and keep his soul in peace for the rest of his life, relative to the MSS. of his mountain fellow-traveller,—Moslem, Marabout, klept, and monk as he was.

The papers were blotted and mutilated in all kinds of ways, but a species of abrupt narrative struggles through them. I give them, such as they were:—

"Whether, like all my countrymen, who are constantly enamoured of some Donna or other, I *could* have spent life in wandering from ball to ball, and between the serenade, the supper, and the gaming-table, been satisfied to make my way to the end of the day, and of all days, is more than I ever had it in my power to tell. I fell in love—fell in love but once, and, with the extinction of that heavenly flame, became a fiend.

There is no use now in telling the name of my family. It was noble, and of the highest order of nobility. But is it not enough for the belief that it was proud, profligate, and splendid; that its head was a magnificent idler, and its younger branches were showy, subtle, passionate, and with nothing to do on the face of the earth; that it was Italian? If I went farther and said that the head of that family was half maniac in good and evil, a madly prodigal benefactor, a madly trusting friend, a madly adored lover, and an avenger mad to the wildest depths of vengeance, need I write under the picture that he was a Genoese?

I was that magnificent idler. I was that splendid fool, that son of fortune, who cast away all the gifts of earth and heaven—who trampled out in blood loves and feelings that might have made the happiness of angels, who ran a frantic career of destruction through all that had twined itself round my heart of hearts—

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* Dilmghtl plume.

then denied, defied, and cast from me the only hope which can console man for the loss of this world, and then sat down in solitude, helpless remorse, and despair,—unutterable! * * *

It was during my residence at Vienna, that I first saw the woman who was afterwards to kindle all the fury and all the agonies of my nature. It is useless now to repeat Septimia's title. She was a woman of the highest rank, the daughter of one of our sovereign princes, and though of a Spanish mother, most beautiful. At the Austrian Court, she was the topic of universal admiration, and when all admired, who shall wonder if I, her countryman, young, ardent in all that spoke to the passions, proud of the honours paid to Italian beauty, proud too, perhaps, of my own person, whirling through a perpetual round of brilliant sights and festivities, with all the aromatic poison of heightened pleasure filling my senses and my soul, threw myself at the feet of this most singular and admirable of women! * * *

We were married. Until the hour when I led her from the altar, I had never dreamed that I was not the first object in her heart. But as she turned away from that altar, the single look which she gave to the image of the Saint above, undeceived me at once, and for ever. It was not reproach, nor sorrow, nor religion, but it was a compound of them all. That look never left my mind. It has haunted me in my dreams, it has followed me in solitude. I have seen it starting up before me in the midst of balls and banquets, and investing the meaningless faces there with sudden sorrow and majesty. It has risen before me in the camp, in the cell, in the cabin, in the storm: I see it before me, pale, sorrowful, and lovely as ever, at this hour—the look of a heart broken, but lowly submissive; bowed to the earth, but contented with its grave. Septimia! Septimia! * * *

I left Vienna. I had grown weary of it, of myself, of the world. Pleasure satiates, but mine was not satiety; it was a fierce undefined feeling; a heavy consciousness that I had been wronged in heart—that I had thrown away my capabilities of loving without the only return that can reconcile man to the cares that beset even the smoothest path of existence. Even the external shew of happiness that made every lip, turn with envy, flatters, or congratulation, but increased my hidden anguish. I have heard the compliments of princes, and they were only like taunts to to my bitter consciousness. I have sat in the midst of crowds that filled my palace, to congratulate me on birth-days, wedding-days, the various accessions of my rank, and the marks of honour conferred on me by kings, and sat like Satan in paradise, hating the splendour and beauty by which I was surrounded and tortured! finding, in the brilliancy of courts and court honours, nothing but fuel for the flame that was eating its way through my soul. I was alive to but one sensation—the certainty that I was not loved by the only being whose love I could have now valued. I saw it in the hollowness of the cheek, in the feebleness of the form: I saw it even more keenly in the forced smile with which my presence, my tenderness, those attractions with which, half in hope and half in despair, I from time to time made an attempt to restore my wife to me. But her heart was frozen, or gone; and pride, pain and thwarted affection returned on me like a legion of the spirits of evil.

One day, in a hunting party in Hungary, I was caught in one of those sudden storms that come from the Carpathians, and cover the country with winter in a moment. I took shelter in a farm-house in the forest. The fireside was already filled with the woodcutters, who had made their way in from the tempest. As I had none of the gewgaws of my rank about me, I passed for no more than what I was, a man, and was welcomed merely as a hunter. They were drinking, and the wine, sour as it was, brought out their confidences. One of them, who discovered that I belonged to the court probably from some absurd effeminacy that had grown upon me, made enquiries about the mode of conveying a letter with which he was entrusted, and of which he conceived that I might be a more adroit conveyer than himself. The address was to my wife. I bit my lip till the blood burst out, but I contrived to check the rage that was ready to have torn the carrier and the letter into a thousand pieces. I instantly mounted my horse. The fellow discovered by my muttering curses that he had put his commission into perilous hands, but it was too late: he followed me, and even struck me with his wood-knife; but I had got that which I would not have resigned to all the powers of earth. I felt neither wound nor tempest: I rushed along till I fainted from loss of blood, and when I opened my eyes once more, found myself in my chamber, with half the archduke's physicians beside my bed; languid, and almost lifeless, but with the letter still grasped in my hand.

I had been discovered in the forest by some of my hunters, and brought home as dead. I had lain for a fortnight in my chamber, wandering from one delirium to another, but in all I still grasped the fatal letter—no force could take it from me. Such are the poisons which man prepares for himself—I would not have parted with that letter of ruin, to be made monarch of Golconda.

I read the letter. What was it to the breach of confidence? The secret was mine, and of all secrets the most essential and overwhelming. Its pages gave the fullest satisfaction that could be desired by a mind longing to have grounds for self-torment. They were a long-detailed, but gentle accusation of broken vows, sustained by reference to time and places, and charges of duplicity and cruelty on the part of friends and parents, which told me that my wife (for the woman was mentioned, it was she in every line) had long been loved, and had loved in turn. That she had been the reluctant sacrifice to the prejudices of her rank; and that my offer had been grasped at by her family, alike for its own advantages, and its rescue of the daughter of so proud a line from an alliance beneath her.

I saw Septimia on that evening. She had come on the first announcement of my returning mind, and, kneeling by my bedside, offered thanksgiving to heaven for my recovery. I could have stabbed her on the spot. But she wept at my averted face, and besought me, in such language of soft submission, to think kindly of her and her interest in me, that I felt the tears streaming down my cheeks. In that moment I could have turned to her, confessed all that burdened my mind, and solicited to have at least all that was left to her of her early heart. But I was born to be a victim! Pride forbade the humiliation. I sent her from my bedside, and tossing there till midnight, then started up, fevered and feeble as I was, to tread the corridors with shuddering feet, and break open with frantic jealousy the cabinet in which I conceived the remainder of this correspondence to be concealed.

With a sensation of half reproach that need not be envied by a wretch on the wheel, I broke open the cabinet, found a packet of letters, and carried them to my own chamber, and there fed on them day by day. They gave me a feast of agonies. I found there the history of the whole development of young passion; the stories of the country walks, the youthful employments, the presents of flowers; the first parting of the lover for the army; the thanks for his promotion obtained by the beloved one's influence: the little gay anecdotes of the campaign, and mixed with them sentences repeated from the answers, which told me bitterly what these answers were; fond, glowing, confiding, the outpouring of a fine spirit, all awake with the finest of all passions. Yet what was this eloquence to me? what the brilliancy of the unconscious wit, or the loftiness of the half-inspired feeling?—They were all for another; and the woman whom I had selected from the world to be the despositary of my thoughts, had not a thought for me: the being in whose loveliness I would have taken a pride, was to me but a weeping vestal, the guardian of a solitary altar, where the flame never shone to me. The wife of my bosom, the sharer in my fate, the partner in my rank and fortune, was at that time the scorner of them all, wandering in heart far away after the trials and chances of another, shedding tears for another's sorrow, rejoicing in another's successes; and if she thought of me still, perhaps only measuring the years between me and the grave, and feeling the bonds of marriage only with the hope that the time might come when she should again be free. * * * * *

I had returned to my own country. But who can fly from himself? At five-and-twenty, I had the look of fifty. In the midst of all that the world covets, I was a meagre misanthrope. If it had depended on me, the earth would be a wilderness, or mankind a horde of Tartars, only ravaging each other, and turning the earth into a grave. My friends—and I had then a host of them—came round me with advice, entreaties, wonder at my fierce contempt of society, hopes of change, and all the other helpless contrivances of man to administer to the sickness of the mind; but their efforts were as useless as probably their zeal was hollow. In this withering of the head and heart I must have persisted, but for a new excitement. War broke out between the Empire and Prussia. The prize between the combatants was a paltry province, which the money wasted in the contest would have paved with ingots, and which seemed doomed to perpetual sterility. We contrived, however, to make it bear a crop of human skulls. As the holder of a fief of the empire, a regiment was offered to me, and, at the head of my cavaliers, I rushed into the war. Glorious invention for accumulating the miseries, exercising the follies, and displaying the blindness of man! Two hundred thousand of us were sent out to butcher each other. Imperialists and Prussians pounced on each other with the appetite of vultures, and, having gorged ourselves with human blood, rested only until a fresh feast was ready. Every horror that fiction ever raised, was transacted as the common, every-day business of life. To-day victors, to-morrow fugitives; wading through Austrian carcasses at Prague; bathing in Prussian gore at Kollin; fighting through fire and water, through famine, nakedness, pestilence; we were still as ready as ever to tear each other into fragments, as if we were flinging away life for any one thing that ever made life desirable. Between the hospital and the field, the first campaign strewed the rocks and morasses of Silesia with a hundred thousand skeletons of what once were men and fools.

But to me this was a delight. I was a wild beast, not a man—I longed to wreak myself on all that bore the human shape—I felt myself terribly divorced from human interests—and, with the consciousness of an exile from happiness which could finish only in the grave, I sought the grave. I was every where foremost. My regiment imbibed, as all soldiers will, the headlong habits of their colonel. We dashed at every thing, until the enemy began to think that resistance was useless; and the sight of my hussars in the field, decided the fate of many an encounter.

I was, of course, honoured for all this. Stars and crosses were hung upon a breast which cared no more for them than if they were so many cobwebs. Still I tore my way through the enemy's squadrons, and led on my fierce *sabreurs* from danger to danger, until I was pronounced incontestably the most gallant hussar officer in the service—a Nadasti, a Scanderbeg—the pride and the example of the Austrian army. It was remarkable, that in all these hazards I had escaped without the slightest wound. Superstition said that I bore a charmed life, and had brought a spell with me from Italy. I had indeed brought that spell: for what preservative for the soldier is equal to despair? I, who never heard the fire of a Prussian battery without a secret wish that it should lay me low—I, who never saw the sabres of the Prussian cavalry without a prayer that I might be impaled on their points before evening, I alone was untouched, while my charger trampled the bones of thousands and tens of thousands of my fellow-men.

I was, however, to feel at last the caprices of fortune. As I commanded the rear-guard of Loudohn's corps in its retreat through the last defiles of Silesia, a charge made by some of the Zieten hussars upon our baggage, set my squadrons in motion. We fell upon the marauders, and quickly recovered our baggage; but the darkness of the twilight, the intricacy of the ravine, and more than either, the habitual daring of my men, plunged us into the centre of the whole advanced Prussian cavalry. We fought desperately, and at last extricated ourselves, but in the final charge I received a blow which struck off my helmet, and completely blinded me for the time. I fell off my horse, and must have been trampled to death, but for the gallantry of one of my officers, a Hungarian, who had lately been received into the corps. This brave fellow, after first driving his sabre from point to hilt through my assailant, dragged me from among the horses' feet, and carrying me on his shoulders, restored their unlucky colonel to his regiment, who were already in the utmost despair.

I was conveyed to Vienna—was covered with honours, and racked with pain. But I was not to die. The gallant Hungarian was my nurse, and, after having preserved my life from the enemy, he preserved it from the doctors. But my illness was long, and during it Septimia arrived from Italy, with wife like duty, to watch over her dying husband. I was moved by this display of tenderness, and on my feverish pillow, from which I thought I was never to rise, inwardly acquitted her of the crime of giving me the semblance of a heart. I took myself to task for the rash precipitancy with which I had wooed her, for the proud and lavish proposals which had influenced the vanity of her relations, for the fierce and violent determination to make myself happy, when it might be at the expense of making her miserable. Hour after hour of lonely thought, when all my senses seemed wrapped in sleep, have I gone through the whole tormenting history of my passions, my follies, and my sufferings; and hour after hour, have I resolved to cast my regrets to the winds, to confide, to hope, to see happiness, even against conviction, to be blind and be comforted.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa!—The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind, by Mungo Park, in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage country, is familiar to every one."—HOWITT'S *Book of the Seasons.*

Why art thou thus in thy beauty cast,
O lonely, loneliest flower!
Where the sound of song hath never pass'd,
From human hearth or bower?

I pity thee, for thy heart of love,
For thy glowing heart, that fain
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove—
In vain, lost thing! in vain!

I pity thee for thy wasted bloom,
For thy glory's fleeting hour,
For the desert place, thy living tomb—
O lonely, loneliest flower!

I said,—but a low voice made reply:
"Lament not for the flower!
Though its blossoms all unmark'd must die,
They have had a glorious dower.

"Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's way,
And the paths where lovers tread,
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day,
By its odours have been shed.

"Yes! dews more sweet than ever fell
O'er island of the blest,
Were shaken forth, from its perfumed bell,
On a suffering human breast.

"A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,
O'er the waste of burning sand,
He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
He fled from a ruthless band.

"And dreams of home, in a troubled tide
Swept o'er his darkening eye,
As he lay down by the fountain side,
In his mute despair to die.

"But his glance was caught by the desert's flower,
The precious boon of heaven!
And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,
To his fainting heart was given.

"For the bright flower spoke of One above;
Of the Presence, felt to brood,
With a spirit of pervading love,
O'er the wildest solitude.

"Oh! the seed was thrown these wastes among,
In a blest and gracious hour!
For the lorn one rose, in the heart made strong,
By the lonely, loneliest flower."

A Bride in distress.—An affecting object of charity was examined on Monday by the Mayor, in the person of a girl of seventeen years of age, who stated her name to be Rosa ——, it is unnecessary to mention it in full. She came into the office this morning a picture of poverty and desolation, having been found sleeping on one of the market stalls in the rain of Sunday night. The watchman stated that he found her in a sound sleep, though the clothing with which her body was scantily covered, was dripping wet. On rousing her, she opened her eyes slowly, and was with difficulty got entirely awake, so much had she been overcome by the cold and rain. He inquired where she lived, but received unsatisfactory answer, though her behaviour was modest and respectful; and at his request she accompanied him to the watch-house, where comfortable quarters were provided for her during the remainder of the night. Her appearance this morning presented the curious spectacle of a girl of seventeen, robust and blooming in health, without any indications of a familiarity with crime of any kind, modest and retiring, yet covered with rags that bespoke the extremity of poverty. When asked how she came to be found in the street under the above circumstance, and what was her mode of life, she related, but not until great persuasion had been used to convince her that she must in some way give assurances that she was not a common vagrant, some part of a history in which the romantic formed a very conspicuous half. She came from the neighbourhood of Pinsburg, to meet a young man now in this city, between whom and herself there existed an engagement of marriage, which was to be consummated on her arrival here. They were both of humble but respectable parentage, he being engaged as a clerk in a store here, with a salary sufficient to save them both, though his business prevented him leaving it to marry her at home. She had come on by appointment, about a week before, but had been robbed on the way, of every thing but the clothes she wore, including a small sum of money which her mother had given her on leaving home. To add to her misfortune, she did not know where to find her lover, having lost the direction he gave her, though she remembered part of the merchant's name where he was employed. She had wandered up and down the streets for nearly a week, searching in vain for it, and had supported herself by pawning her clothes in exchange for the ragged suit she now wore, being unable to bring her mind to begging. Several nights she had found lodgings in houses of evil fame, but had escaped the pollutions which are practised in them. On Sunday night, driven to despair by her desperate situation in a strange place, having expended her last sixpence in paying for a lodging the night before, she lay down in the market house to sleep, not having tasted a mouthful the whole day. This relation excited the strongest sympathy among a considerable rumble of respectable persons who heard it, and a purse of $25 dollars was immediately subscribed for her, with which to procure her new clothing, and pay her board for three weeks at a respectable house, while endeavors were made to find out the residence of her lover. When she was apprised of these liberal arrangements on her behalf, she was so overwhelmed with the unexpectedness of the relief that her full heart relieved itself in a shower of tears. She said also, that she was unable to write, and could not therefore have informed her friends of her situation, and that she was afraid to communicate her story to any one here, lest she might be considered an impostor. Many rude and infamous proposals had been made to her by respectably dressed men in the street at night, but she had been preserved against them all.

Since the above was written, suitable measures were taken to discover the young man, and on Tuesday afternoon he was found; the meeting between him and Rosa was of the most affecting kind, for he had been made acquainted with her sufferings and trials. The same evening their vows were sealed forever on the hymenical altar, and the sunshine of the present abundantly compensates them for the darkness of the past.—*Saturday Bulletin.*

ROYAL DECREES.—One of Queen Elizabeth's proclamations, which were allowed to have all the authority of law, was to forbid her subjects from wearing their ruffs more than a quarter of a yard in width, and their rapiers more than a yard long. Officers were appointed to tear the ruffs and break the rapiers of those who transgressed the Queens edict against them. This reminds one of the Czar Peter's shaving off the beards of his subjects by means of official barbers.

VALUE OF ROYALTY.—James I. first coined his twenty-two shilling pieces called Jacobuses, with his head crowned; he afterwards coined twenty shilling pieces, where he wore the laurel instead of the crown. Ben Jonson observed on this, that poets always came to poverty. King James no sooner began to wear bays, than he fell two shillings in the pound!

ROYAL RESEMBLANCE.—The *Gazette of Madrid* compares Ferdinand VII. to Titus. In fact, when this benevolent Prince passes a day without causing one of his subjects to be hanged or shot, he exclaims, like the Roman Prince, "I've lost a day."—*Figaro.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1832.

THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

SERMON XVII.

ON TALEBEARING.

He that separateth a matter separateth very friends."

There is a class of people every where to be found, who under pretence of doing you a friendly act, make mischief between you and your friends. They do it by repeating any little remarks which happen to be unfavorable to the absent party, and which, but for being told him by the officious friend, would never have done him any harm, or created any coldness between him and their author.

In speaking of friends separated from this cause, I would not be understood to mean friends in the strictest sense of the term—such as Cicero describes them in his treatise on friendship—but merely such as are called, and may be considered, very good friends, as the world goes; which means little else than not being enemies—and is, if I may so speak, rather a negative than a positive friendship. But any friendship, which is sincere as far as it goes, is better than enmity; and hence they do a very serious injury, who, by their officiousness or false pretenses, cause disaffection between you and your friends, or neighbors—which last, now I think of it, is the more proper word.

These talebearers possibly may sometimes be actuated by a friendly motive; but if so, their zeal sadly outruns their discretion, and by a woful lack of prudence, and judicious silence which would cost them nothing, they in a moment create enmity between fellow creatures, which oftentimes a whole life cannot repair.

I have a most sovereign contempt, not to say abhorrence, of this species of godsbetween friends. My hardly, which opens the door of kindness to all classes of people, will nigh refuses to be at home to this; and I would much sooner forgive the person, who says an unjust thing of me, than the officious wretch who reports it to my ears. There is in his conduct something like malice prepense; because he knows, before repeating them, that the offensive remarks will be likely to make mischief; and yet with this knowledge before him, he does not restrain his vile desire of blabbing. Such a person, whether he act from sheer thoughtlessness, or from an odious fondness for mischief, is not of a nature to be trusted. He is below the confidence of friendship; is a dangerous and troublesome neighbor; and is by all means to be avoided.

How many trifling things are every day said, which would not be complimentary even to the best of persons; but could do them no harm, if not conveyed to their hearing. And then the injury is owing solely to this officious conveyance. It causes an irritation in the feelings, which is detrimental to one's happiness at the present time, and may continue to rankle long afterwards.

From my very childhood I never could endure talebearers. They made mischief between me and my playmates. I abhorred them then; I contemn them now. I never did, and never will, encourage a talebearer.

Persons of this officious class are often to be met with. They will come to you, with their tongues itching to repeat something to your disadvantage. They will ingeniously play about the subject in order to excite your curiosity, and draw from you a request to hear the story. As thus:

"It is very strange how people will talk about their neighbors!"

"Umph!"

"Even the best of us can't escape the tongue of slander."

"Umph!"

"I had my feelings very much hurt last evening at some remarks, which, as a friend to you—"

"Umph!—Tol lol lol!—fiddlededee!"

"They were very injurious, I do assure you."

"Well, sir, and what if they were?"

"Why, I thought you might like to hear them."

"What! like to hear bad accounts of myself?"

"Why, yes; I had my feelings amazingly hurt on your account, and I thought I might as well—"

"Hurt my feelings too? You're amazingly kind, upon my word!"

"Why, yes, I thought it would be no more than a neighborly act to—"

"Such neighborly acts I detest; and let me tell you, sir, if you have no better business than setting friends by the ears in this manner, you are indeed a poor contemptible creature."

"Oh, sir, if you take my neighborly offices so unkindly, I have nothing more to say—the secret shall die with me, and—"

"Then there will be two troublesome things dead. Leave me!"

He will depart, crest-fallen and ashamed. Another will come, not doubting but his ill news will be acceptable. He is ready to communicate it, and only asks that he shall not be named as the officious person who reported the matter.

"Now don't tell any body that I told you; because if you should, you'd bring me into difficulty you know."

"You'll get into difficulty at all events, unless—"

"Promise now, upon your sacred honor, not to tell who told you, so that I needn't be brought into mischief, and—"

"Doubtless you'll make mischief between me and my friends!"

"Why, really, I profess a friendship for you myself, and thought it a thousand pities you should be slandered without knowing it."

"Give yourself no trouble, Mr. Limbertongue. If I should never hear of the slander, it will do me no harm."

"Mercy on me! do you wish to be slandered without knowing it?"

"Certainly, if I am slandered at all. There's the door, Mr. Limbertongue."

This is the only way. Give no encouragement to talebearers, and they will cease to trouble you. If you can conscientiously entertain a good opinion of yourself, you will in general have little cause to trouble yourself about the idle remarks of individuals, or the world. But, at all events, if you would pass quietly through the short space of life allotted you, never lend a listening ear to those mischievous pretenders to friendship, whose chief business it is to "separate a matter, and separate very friends."

THE COMET OF 1712.

The comet, which is looked for in June, and which certain astronomers and prophets have calculated will set fire to this planet of ours, is not the first incendiary of the kind which the people have been taught to dread.

The return of a comet was calculated for Wednesday, the 14th of October, 1712. This calculation was published, with the frightful addition, that, on the Friday following, the world would be destroyed by fire. Of the effect this announciation had upon the good people of London, the Gentleman's Magazine gives the following account:—

"A number of persons in and about the city seized all the barges and boats they could lay hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding, that when the conflagration took place, there would be the most safety on the water. A gentleman who had neglected *family prayer* for more than five years, informed his wife that it was his intention to resume that laudable practice the same evening; but his wife having made preparations for a ball at her house, persuaded her husband to put it off till they saw whether the comet appeared or not. The captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river that the ship might not be blown up by the contact, and the stock market was deserted at once by both drovers and buyers. On Wednesday morning the comet appeared, and before noon the belief was universal that the day of judgment was at hand. Early in the morning 123 clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, to petition the Archbishop that a short prayer might be penned and ordered, there being none in the church service for such an occasion. Three maids of honor burned their collections of novels and plays, and in great haste ordered from a bookseller for each of them, a Bible, and Taylor's Holy Living and Dying. The run upon the Bank was prodigious, all hands were employed from mording till night in discounting notes, and handing out specie. On Thursday the comet had increased in size, and *more than seven thousand kept mistresses were legally married*, in the presence of the numerous congregations of the city. To crown the whole, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, head director of the Bank, issued his orders to all the fire companies in London, enjoining them to 'keep a good look out, and have a particular eye to the Bank of England.'"

JEREMY LEVIS.—This work, which was published some months since, by the Messrs. Carvills, of this city, has not received that notice from the public press which it seems to us to deserve. All who have read it, as far as we have heard their observations, speak in high terms of its wit and humor. It has indeed a vein, which reminds one of Sterne, Fielding, and the older wits. It is in the form of an autobiography, and, Jeremy gives the following description of the characters of his parents:

"There was but one point of resemblance between them—viz. a remarkable sweetness of temper. In other respects my father bore no more resemblance to my mother, than does a poodle-dog to a tabby-cat.

"He was a man of education; she was a woman of no education whatever—except the little she had received from him. He read no novels; she read nothing else. He adored the ancients, because they were the only authors of whom he knew any thing; she despised them, because they were the very authors of whom she knew nothing.

"He was taciturn, except when a favorite opinion was attacked; she was loquacious, on all occasions. He was frugal; she was wasteful. He disliked company; she loved it to excess.

"He was neat in person; she was slattish.

"He rose early, and retired late; she rose late, and retired early. He sat ten minutes at meals; she two hours. He ate no fish; she ate fish of all kinds."

The ambition of being thought witty is thus described:

"I laid the corner-stone of an observation which I have since built up. And that observation, dear reader, was this:—that the desire of being thought witty, is strong even in the witless. High and low, learned and illiterate, grave and gay; from the rulers of state to the rulers of boys, from the priest that is shaven to the barber that shaves—all make their smart speeches; and pity themselves when they have none else to grin [illegible]."

"My remarks in the work are exceedingly well described—full of wit, sarcastic humor, and comic effect. In the character of the Rev. Malachi Snubbs, canting and hypocrisy are keenly satirized. There is throughout much interesting description, and great variety of incident. The work is indeed rather too long; and as 'brevity is the soul of wit,' the author might with advantage have compressed it into something considerably less than the present size. It will nevertheless be popular as it is, when better known; because, though it has some dross, it is not destitute of pure gold.

AN OUSTED CLERK.—A former Clerk of St. Paul's valued himself very highly for the strength of his voice, the clearness of his enunciation, and the devout length of his cadence. He read the responses in a most edifying tone; and when he came to the amen he drawled it out as long as his arm. In short, he was, at least in his own belief, the very prince of clerks.

But, alas! how short-lived is earthly greatness! How little is poor frail man able to

"Bear his blushing honors thick upon him."

The Clerk of St. Paul's became intoxicated—ay, verily did he become intoxicated, not in mind only, but in body. He took too much of the "crathur"—and that not only on a week-day, but even on the Sabbath. He took a horn before he went to church; and instead of being in the spirit, as became a godly clerk, the spirit was in him.

On these occasions, he made a flourish in proportion to the quantity of brandy he had drunk. His reading was amazingly out of joint; he sometimes got the wrong passages; and drew out his *A-a-a-amen!* nearly a mile long. In a word, his responses became so sadly out of tune, that the vestry declared they would be no longer responsible for them. A meeting was called, and it was unanimously voted that the Clerk should be dismissed.

When notified of this measure, the poor Clerk took it much to heart. He exclaimed against it as a great piece of injustice, not to say cruelty. "What!" exclaimed he, "shall I be sacrificed for a mere bit of *intoxication?* Shall I be turned out of my office after I have taken so much pains to *larn* to read correctly, and to give the true *pronounciation?* It's a most diabolical piece of *parstcution*, and I never can say a-a-a-men to it as long as I live."

CHANGE OF NAMES.—We find in the papers of Massachusetts upwards of a column of closely printed names, changed by a late act of their Legislature. Some of these names were very queer, and some of them still remain so, in spite of legislation. For instance it is gravely enacted, "That Isaac *Mahtow Wansongthi* Adams May take the name of Isaac *Mahtra Wansongthi* Adams." The following is much weakened by changing "*Sampson* Wilder Thurston" into "Wilder Stoddard Thurston."—"Petro *Papathakes*" has lost his papa by the change into "Peter Patterson." "Rebecca *Waitt*" still lingers under the name of "Ann Rebecca *Waitt*." "Lucius Augustus Hoar," by taking the name of "*Horr*," has only become *Horr*-ed. "Joseph Augustus Edwin *Long* Cook," has been very much curtailed by changing into "Joseph Augustus Cook." Mrs. "Mehitable Putnam Wardell," though changed into "Davenport," by still continuing the "*Me-hit-able*," bears the same threatening aspect to her husband that she did before. "*Nabby* Willis," by becoming "William Matticks Rogers," has sent his "Kittle" to pot. "Susan Augusta Bray" is, alas! no longer "*Thankful*." "Grosvenor *Curtis*," by adding the name of "Harvey" is divested of no part of the *Cur*. "Isaac Hathaway," by interpolating "Franklin," *hath* not, as far as we can see, improved his *way*. Whereto then subserve all the above alterations?

But the following, we must confess, seems to carry with it a chance of improvement. "Caroline Chase" has become "Caroline *Board-man* Chase"—and the capture of a husband may be the consequence.

DEATH OF THE POET, CRABBE.—The Rev. George Crabbe, lately the oldest of the living British bards, died on the 3d of February, at the Rectory of Trowbridge, in his 78th year. Of his character it is observed—"He was very highly esteemed by his Parishioners. To the poor he was proverbially liberal—and the different denominations of professing Christians in the town will bear testimony to the truly Catholic spirit which he invariably cultivated on every occasion when their united energies were required to carry any benevolent purpose into effect. The principal shops in the town were half closed, so soon as the melancholy event became generally known."

Crabbe was one of the few poets of the present century, who, adhering to the old school, preferred the pure gold of thought, to the glittering tinsel of words. His delineations of humble life and manners are justly said to have been seldom equalled, and never excelled.

In Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," Crabbe is noticed in the following manner:

"There be who say in these enlightened days,
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;
That strained invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern bard to sing:
'Tis true that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to genius—trite;
Yet truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact in virtue's name let CRABBE attest—
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

BONAPARTE'S MOTHER.—The following anecdote, which we extract from the "Court and Camp of Bonaparte," displays a proper sense of maternal dignity in Madame Letitia, the mother of Napoleon:—"Shortly after his assumption of the imperial purple, happening to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud, he, half-playfully, half-seriously, presented her his hand to kiss. She flung it back indignantly, and tendering her own, exclaimed, in the presence of her suite, "It is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life." Napoleon immediately stooped over his mother's hand, and affectionately kissed it."

SWEARING IN FAVOR OF CHRISTIANITY.—A gentleman of this city, a few evenings since, was most furiously swearing against Tom Paine, and damning him to the bottom of the bottomless pit, for the injury he had done the Christian religion.

"Hush! hush!" said a man, who was sitting by. "It is unbecoming to support Christianity by swearing. I knew Tom Paine well. He had his faults; but among them all I never knew him to be guilty of an oath. He never mentioned the name of the Supreme Being but with the greatest reverence, and with his hat off"—at the same time doffing his own.

The swearing Christian was nonplussed, and did not reply.

RARE BEEF.—A gentleman, dining a few days since at a noted coffee-house in this city, desired the waiter to bring him a piece of roast beef.

"How will you have it," asked the waiter, "rare or well done?"

"Rare," returned the guest.

"The beef was presently brought; but the slice was so thin that the gentleman sat for some little time perusing the figures, on the plate, through it.

"Isn't it rare enough to suit you?" asked the waiter.

"Plenty! plenty!" said the guest, still reading on—"*it's so rare I can see through it very well.*"

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF EDITORIAL LABORS.—The editor of the United States Gazette, after commending the resolution of a professional brother who is about to exchange the pen for the plough, thus closes his paragraph:

"The rounded visage, the firm muscle, the steady gait, and smile of content, all owe themselves to rural labors—while dimness of vision, trembling nerves, bowed frame, uneven tread and an early grave, come from the editorial desk. Men may talk of exercise as they will: the best functions of the human frame fail before these labors. Point to the man who sits among newspapers, inditing paragraphs and pasting selections, and you designate one to whom belongs, either in possession or short perspective, decayed physical powers, the sunken eye and sallow sickly visage. Early habits may for a short time prevail

these things, but 'to this complexion must he come at last.'"

QUIZZICAL ERRATA.—One would suppose, from the very ridiculous blunders which newspapers sometimes exhibit, that printers' devils and printers' proof-readers were leagued together to make a laughing-stock of their masters. The Boston Courier says:

"The following erratum appears in the Washington Globe—and is about as amusing as that which had its run several years ago—viz. 'for *Bumbleton's storm-destroying porringers*, read *Hamilton's worm-destroying lozenges*.'

"ERRATUM *in our last.* In the remarks of Mr. Benton, for '*countless demagogues*,' read *Countess Duncgers*."

We were not aware that any articles from the *New Bedford Gazette* had appeared in the Constellation without credit. We are always careful, in selecting from other papers, to mark the source. But as we do not read the proofs from selected copy, errors may creep in without our knowledge. For a mistake of this kind it would be no excuse to say that others take the articles without notice; but we might probably remark with truth, that whole columns are taken from the Constellation without credit, where single lines are taken *by* it on the same terms.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XI.

HAYDN AND THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS.—The first productions of Haydn were some short sonatas for the piano-forte, which he sold at a low price to his female pupels. He also wrote minuets, allemands, and waltzes, for the Ridotto. He composed for his amusement, a sonata, for three instruments, which he performed on fine summer evenings, with two of his friends, in different parts of Vienna. The theatre of Leopoldina was at that time directed by Bernardone Curtz, a celebrated buffoon, who amused the public with his puns. Bernardone drew crowds to his theatre by his originality, and by good opera buffos, and our young musicians one evening took it into their heads to play beneath his window, when Curtz, struck with the originality of the music, came down into the street to ask who composed it. "I did," replied Haydn, boldly. "How, you, at your age?" "One must make a beginning sometime." "Gad, this is droll! come up stairs." Haydn followed the harlequin, and soon descended with the poem of an opera, entitled, "The Devil on Two Sticks." The music composed in a few days, had the happiest success, and was paid for with twenty-four ducats. But a nobleman, who imagined that he was ridiculed, under the name of "The Devil on Two Sticks," by his interest, caused the piece to be prohibited.

Haydn often said, that he had more trouble in finding out a mode for representing the motion of the waves in a tempest of this opera, than he afterwards had in writing figures with a double subject. Curtz, who had spirit and taste, was difficult to please; but there was another obstacle: neither of the two authors had ever seen sea or storm. How can a man describe what he knows nothing about? If this happy art could be discovered, many of our great politicians would talk better about virtue. Curtz, all agitation, paced up and down the room, where the composer was seated at the piano-forte. "Imagine," said he, "a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking; and then another mountain, and then another valley; the mountains and the vallies follow one after the other with rapidity; and at every moment alps and abysses succeed each other." This fine description was of no avail. In vain did harlequin add the thunder and lightning. "Come, describe to me all these horrors," he repeated incessantly; "but particularly represent distinctly these mountains and vallies." Haydn drew his fingers rapidly over the key-board, ran through the semi-tones, tried abundance of *screaths*, passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest of the treble; Curtz was still dissatisfied. At last the young man, out of all patience, extended his hands to the two ends of the harpsicord, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "The Devil take the tempest!" "That's it! that's it!" cried the harlequin, springing upon his neck, and almost stifling him. Hadyn added, that when he crossed the straits of Dover, in bad weather, many years afterwards, he laughed during the whole of the passage, on thinking of the storm in "The Devil on Two Sticks."

JEAN DE BART.—Who is there that never heard of this brave but rough seaman? When he first took his son, who was not then more than ten years old, on board his ship, he met with a Corsair which gave him full employment. Jean Bart watched his son, and, as he supposed, discovering some traces of fear in him, he ordered him to be bound to the mast, where the balls flew about the thickest, and he was obliged to remain there during the whole of the action. Tender mothers will certainly not approve of this desperate mode of infusing courage. Jean Bart, even once undertook a journey to court, where he certainly made a strange figure. The time he was obliged to wait in the ante-chamber appeared long to him, he therefore drew out his pipe and began to smoke. The guard reminded him that there it was improper. "I have accustomed myself to it in the service of my king; it has become habitual to me, and his majesty I know will not multiply my necessities." Louis (XIV.) was informed, that a man stood in the ante-chamber, who, in defiance of the guard, was smoking tobacco. "I'll lay my life," said the king, laughing, "it is Jean de Bart."

Louis received the brave seaman with much kindness, "Only you," said he, "are allowed to smoke in my presence;" and as de Bart spoke to the king in a rough, coarse manner, the latter turned to the sneering courtiers, and said, "His words are not noble, but he has *acted nobly* for me. Is there one amongst you," he continued, after a pause and with a stern countenance, "is there one amongst you who feels himself capable of doing what he has done?" All were silent, and cast down their eyes. Behind the hero's back they called him "the bear."

At another opportunity the king addressed his naval hero in these words, "Jean Bart, I have nominated you to the command of a squadron!" "*In which your majesty has done very well!*" replied de Bart. The courtiers again burst out in loud peals of laughter. "Peace, my lords," said Louis, "that is the answer of a man who feels his worth, and has determination to give me immediately new proofs of it."

Once after a brilliant victory, de Bart sent his son with an account of it to Paris. The king wished to see the youth himself, and ordered him, booted as he was from his journey, to come in. Young Bart made his appearance, but, unaccustomed to waxed floors, he missed his footing, and slid down; Louis cried out, and made a motion as if to save him: "It is well to be seen," said the king, "that the Barts are better seamen than chamberlains." The Princess de Conte also desired to see the hero's son, and on his introduction, she drew out a flower from her bouquet, and requested him to entreat his father to wear that flower in his crown of laurels.

In 1697, Jean Bart, with six ships of war and a frigate, conducted the Prince de Conte to Poland, and fortunately escaped nineteen ships of the enemy, which were watching for him. "We should have been lost, if we had been attacked," said the prince. "By no means," replied de Bart, very coolly. "What would you have done?" inquired de Conte. "I should have blown up the ship, and together with you, have flown into the air. My son had already the order from me, and only waited in the powder room the first signal." The prince shuddered, and forbade such acts of heroism so long as he was on board the ship. —*Kotzebue's Anecdotes.*

WEEPING WILLOW.—"Mr. Vernon, Turkey merchant at Aleppo, transplanted the Weeping Willow from the river Euphrates, brought it with him to England, and planted it at his seat in Twickenham Park, where I saw it growing, anno 1748. This is the original of all the weeping willows in our gardens."

TULIP TREE.—In 1736, the famous tulip tree in Lord Peterborough's garden at Parson's Green, near Fulham, died; it was about seventy feet high, the tallest tree in the ground, and perhaps a hundred years old, being the first tree of the kind raised in England. It had for many years the visitation of the curious to see its flowers and admire its beauty; for it was strait as an arrow, and died of age by a gentle decay. It was remarkable the same year that this died, a tulip tree, which I had given to Sir Charles Wager, flowered for the first time in his garden, which was opposite Lord Peterborough's. This tulip tree I raised from seed, and it was thirty years old when it flowered.

ORANGE AND LEMON TREES.—From my nephew Thomas Collinson's Journal of his Travels, 1754. "In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, anno ——, the first orange and lemon trees were introduced into England by two curious gentlemen, one of them Sir Nicholas Carew, at Bedington, near Croydon in Surry."—*Notices of the Life of Peter Collinson, Botanist.*

PHYSICIANS' FEES IN RUSSIA.—The method of paying their physicians by trinkets, might seem an inconvenience to the faculty; but it is not so. Dr. Rogerson at Petersburg, as we were informed, regularly received his snuff-box, and as regularly carried it to a jeweller for sale. The jeweller sold it again to the first nobleman who wanted a fee for his physician, so that the doctor obtained his box again; and at last the matter became so well understood between the physician and the jeweller, that it was considered by both parties as a sort of bank-note, and no words were necessary in transacting the sale of it.—*Dr. Clarke's Travels.*

CRITICISM may perhaps be too rigorous, and genius to sensible to its fairest attacks. Racine acknowledged that one of the worst criticisms he received, had occasioned him more vexation than the greatest applauses had afforded him pleasure. Pope has been observed to writhe with anguish in his chair on hearing the letter of Cibber, and other temporary attacks on him, mentioned; and it is said of the great Montesquieu, that he was so much affected by the criticisms, true and false, which he daily experienced, that they hastened his death.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

MAZEPPA.—The dreadful punishment inflicted upon the hero of Lord Byron's poem, has a demoniacal example in a newspaper called "Mercurius Politicus," printed in 1655. The narrative is dated from Hamburgh. "This last week several wagoners coming from Bresland to Silesia, on their way into the Duke of Saxony's country, perceived a stag with a man upon his back running with all his might: coming near the wagons, he suddenly fell down: the poor man sitting upon his back made a pitiful complaint, how that the day before he was, by the Duke of Saxony, for killing a deer, condemned to be bound with chains upon that stag, his feet bound fast under the stag's belly with an iron chain soldered, and his hands so chained to the horns. The miserable man begged earnestly that they would shoot him, to put him out of his pain; but they durst not, fearing the Duke. Whilst they were talking with him, the stag got up again, and ran away with all his might. The wagoners computed that he had run in sixteen hours, not less than twenty-six Dutch miles in the least, which makes near one hundred of our English miles. The miseries which that poor creature did and must undergo, especially if the stag killed him not in running, cannot be expressed, hardly imagined.

EARLY GENIUS OF HANDEL.—His father who professed medicine, terrified by the propensity which enabled his son to play beautiful voluntaries at five years old, without knowing a note of music, forcibly excluded him from access to instruments and musical society during a year or two; but he had at length the good sense to withdraw this restraint on the remonstrance of a friend: "Your son," said he, "will disgrace you as a physician, a lawyer, a divine; but he will probably acquire distinguished fame as a musician, if you indulge and cultivate his natural bias."—*Miss Seward's Letters.*

From the United States Gazette.

The Paris papers lose no opportunity of impressing upon the minds of the citizens the impolicy of putting their "trust in princes." 'Tis true the "*Carlists*," the old creatures of Charles X. occasionally circulate pleasant anecdotes, illustrative of the strong attachment which the batch of banished monarchs still entertain for their own beautiful France, and occasionally tell what fine things the young Duc de Bordeaux, Henry V. utters in behalf of his far away kingdom; but we suspect little benefit results from the gossip, if such articles have circulation in Paris as the following, which we translate from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, into which it was copied from a Parisian Gazette:

A SMART SAYING OF THE DUC DE BORDEAUX.

"The *Quotidienne* tells a most affecting anecdote, with tenderness enough to draw tears from the eyes of every one of its subscribers

The three kings, father, son and grandson, support as well as possible, the sorrows of their exile. The father goes a gunning, the son sits and twirls his thumbs, and the grandson reads Telemachus, in order to learn how to govern his absent people.

Madame Gontaut was going to give a ball at her house; Henry V. the king *in partibus*, with his sister, and several other children of their own age, expected to pass a pleasant evening. His little majesty had been promised some dances, cakes and sugar plumbs; but unluckily, Madame Gontaut struck upon a new idea relative to the troubles in Lyons.

She called the little king. "Sire," said she, to him, "if you will be very good now, you shall have the little hobby horse that you asked me for yesterday."

Children have a curious idea, that to be a "good boy" means to deprive one's self of pleasure. The king made some slight objections, tempered, however, with a hope of getting the hobby horse. The little horse, it must be confessed, was a very beautiful affair; it was a dapple gray, with a long mane and a tail of real horse hair, with pretty brass castors to its feet; a leather bridle, red velvet saddle, and pretty stirrups. "And besides that," said Madame Gontaut, "you shall have some sweetmeats with your supper."

The king smiled. "The hobby horse and sweetmeats too!" said he.

"Yes, but then you must remember to be a good boy."

"Well, then, I suppose you are going to set me up in the great arm chair, and make me hear how they talk at court."

"No; there is nothing to be done but to remain a word or two at once, before the Duc de Gauche and the other persons round your grandfather. I will announce to you that my ball must be put off because of the misfortunes of France, consequent upon the troubles in Lyons."

"Ha, ha, ha."

"Your majesty is scarcely right. Then you will whisper to me, but loud enough for all the company to hear—"my dear nurse, *and I am not allowed to be there!*"

"What is that for?"

"Because."

"I shall never be able to remember all that."

"Yes you will; repeat after me—'My dear nurse.'"

"My dear nurse."

"And I am not allowed to be there."

"And I am not allowed to be there."

"Admirable: Your majesty—"

"Admirable: Your —"

"You must not repeat that—but hush, here come the Duc de Gauche and the other courtiers."

And when all the company had entered, Madame Gontaut went up to the little legitimate monarch and said, "Sire, France is suffering; we shall have no ball this evening."

The king put his mouth close to Madame Gontaut's ear, and said, "my dear nurse, I can't remember one word of it."

"O, son of Henry the Fourth. *O noble scion of an immortal race.* Happy people! Happy France! Would your grace believe, that his majesty has just said to me, with the most touching expression of tenderness, "*my dear nurse, and I am not allowed to be there.*"

"Happy France," they all exclaimed; the young king groans for the sufferings of his people, and the tears of his country fall upon his heart."

"Dear nurse," said the king, "now give me the pretty hobby horse, and don't forget the sweetmeats for supper."

POPULAR KINGS.—The late King of Pavaria was in many respects, a popular king. He went out at night, and mixed, in disguise, in all societies, where he learnt what people thought of him, and how he should act. The King of Denmark frequently does the same. Although by the institutions of the country he is essentially a despot, yet he is the mildest and most benevolent of men. His subjects have access to him at all hours; and their petitions seldom pass through another hand. From his own purse he supports several charities; and he defrays the expenses of two or three physicians, who are travelling abroad to obtain information as to the state of medical science, which they transmit direct to the King.—Louis Philip has discontinued his walks in the streets with the old umbrella under his arm: and the King of Holland, since he quitted Brussels, (where one might jostle him in the public walks, or in a by lane,) is grown reserved. Leopold is popular by his affability; but he goes little in public. The Emperor of Austria is now more retired; but until lately he was to be seen plainly dressed, and without attendants, in the environs of his palace, chatting to the peasantry about rural affairs, and displaying the openness of an ordinary man. Our own popular Sovereign we need not mention; though he, too, has, in a great degree, abandoned his habit of shewing himself publicly to the people, as one of themselves.—*Court Jour.*

JEWELS OF THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

A letter is published from Mr. Raymond, the New York police officer who went out in relation to the case of Carrara, dated Hague, 22d January, 1832, in which he says—"It is with great pleasure that I inform you of my having, at length succeeded in disinterring the remainder of the *Jewels of the Princess of Orange*, which had been concealed by Carrara at Brussels. I have been three months engaged in this arduous duty in stirring times—I cannot write all the particulars, suffice it to say, that I have safely delivered the Jewels, personally, into the hands of the Princess of Orange, and in the presence of the whole royal family. I am not able, at present, to state the value of the Jewels restored, but it is very great. I hope soon to have the pleasure of giving you all the details in person, which will make an interesting history."

WORSHIPING THE SUN.—Noticing the late fogs in London we find the observation of a writer that they put him in mind of the Persian ambassador's witty retort on the old Scotch lady, who annoyed him with questions, and at last enquired—"They worship the sun in your country, sir?" "Yes, madam, and so would they in your's—*if they had ever seen him.*"

A MANILLA ALLIGATOR.—A letter from a young American dated in Manilla, reports his adventures in destroying with assistance a Crocodile, or Alligator, that had killed a horse the day before, and of which he says:—"He measured twenty feet in length, and from eleven to thirteen feet in circumference, (the smallest part being eleven and the largest thirteen). The head alone weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds, and the entire monster near three thousand pounds. He had nearly the whole of the horse in him, and the legs, with the hoofs, were taken out entire. The capture has caused considerable sensation not only on the field of battle, but at Manilla, none of equal size having been before seen, and it is rare that any of small size are taken."

LIVING WITH CREDIT.

From the Atlas.

Credite posteri" is the maxim on which a correspondent of Mr. Bulwer's Magazine founds certain precepts in the art of living, which he enforces and illustrates by a history, of which we submit the principal portions to the consideration of our readers.

"It has been said, and is said, and must ever continue to be said, that loans are the most productive sources of credit. It was the loans of Mr Pitt which raised this country to the state of prosperity which it now enjoys, and in France the loans of the Ministry have elevated the funds to Heaven knows what! These two examples are sufficient to prove, as a primary principle in public and private affairs, that the best system of finance is founded on this axiom—

"The more we owe, the greater our credit."

Would you have other examples? look at Spain, which always has been, and always would be borrowing: Portugal is similarly disposed; Russia is always anxious for a loan, and Naples has no other dependence. What success with a nation cannot fail with an individual: and the truth of this is evident from the facts I am about to narrate, and which I know, from indisputable authority (my relation, Lord ——) gave to Pitt the idea of his celebrated scheme of finance.

"The memory of the interesting Schneider is still green in the valleys of Switzerland. I will relate the tale, if it be only to remove the last few scruples (if your breast (it indeed any remain) regarding loans.

"Schneider was an inhabitant of the Canton of Underwald, and descended from a good Swiss family. His father had been very forward in opposing the oligarchies of certain Cantons. The man, a born democrat, asserted that the Helvetic constitutions were perfect farces, and that it was not reasonable that the aristocracy of a small canton should exist beside the democracy of another. He wished to see the whole united in one, and that the laws, imposts, and rights of one should be common to all; and he dreamed of some grand project of levelling the mountains of Switzerland with the social contract of Jean Jacques Rousseau—but it was impracticable. He expended a great deal of money on his scheme and then died, leaving his only son but a volume on Constitutions, handsomely bound, gilt, and decorated with the arms of the different Cantons.

"The son, thus disinherited by the democracy of his father, was naturally well endowed and had been well educated; he had made a sort of education of *the eyes*, similar to that which I have described. To this he united a delightful disposition, which was certainly worth the 100,000*l.* capital of the man *comme il faut*; but young Schneider had not this cash in his pocket. As, however, he *had* a name known and esteemed, he was welcomed at the best houses in the canton. Although it was vaguely reported that his father had left him no fortune, yet it was not for a moment suspected that all he inherited was the volume on Constitutions.

The system of loans came as suddenly into the head of Schneider as did attraction to the brain of Newton; and with the holy zeal which is usually excited by a new discovery, he proclaimed to the world that he wanted 2000 rix-dollars, for which he would pay interest at five per cent. and the principal in six months. This loan raised, his way was clear before him. His manners were so good, that a banker of his acquaintance, of the firm of Frey & Co. offered him the assistance he required, and he received in exchange from young Schneider two bills of the date agreed on, which he consigned to his pocket-book.

Having achieved this sum, Schneider resolved to live honestly and honourably. He limited his expenses and pretended to talk to all of his regulated way of life. He was thought amiable and trustworthy: his father, he said, had bequeathed him very little, but aided by some trifling negotiations he had in hand, he hoped to be able to make both ends meet at the end of the year. This modest and unassuming conduct was soon noticed, and in three months the youth was known throughout Underwald as the 'interesting Schneider.'

However the bills were coming to maturity in the pocket-book of Frey; but two months before they were due Schneider had received from another banker, the wealthy Fraufer, spontaneous offers of service and money. He of course accepted them, having extended this loan to 3125 rix dollars, which he thus disposed of:—

	Rix-dollars.
Expenses for the first quarter,	1000
Payment of two bills given to Frey & Co.	2000
Interest for six months on 2000 R. D.	50
	3050
Interest for six months on 3050 R. D.	75
Total,	3125

Thus successful, Schneider considered himself 'embarked,' (and his genius was not deceived,) as owner of the capitals of Switzerland; but his ambition did not reach to that height, he only desired to live with comfort and be useful to his country. Frey, the banker, had not the least uneasiness concerning Schneider's bills; but the youth was desirous of proving by the two months which he had before him to collect his credit upon a stable foundation, and to give it certain success. He went to Frey, and told him that five per cent. was a heavy interest to pay, and that if he could agree with M. Frey as to the immediate taking up of the bills, he would do so with pleasure, on having discount. 'Ah! ah! M. Schneider, you know business, I see; nothing is so sure as discounting one's own paper—that is the true system of banking.'—'But if it at all interferes with your books—' 'Not at all; but I will accede on one condition only.' 'Name it.'—'If you want money at any time, you must come to me for it.'—'Agreed.'

'Schneider had played his cards adroitly; but he thought it prudent for some time to change his lenders, which he contrived very skilfully to manage, so as to extend his credit all over Switzerland. This took three years to effect, after which time he was compelled to refuse the offers of money made to him—upon principle. It will be understood that during these three years he was actually 12000 rix dollars in debt, exclusive of the interest at five per cent. But this was nothing—his credit was established. He had limited his expenses to 4000 rix-dollars per annum; and if he lived sixty years, he calculated that Switzerland and he would be quits—at least, that his country would have paid him his debt of 240,000 rix-dollars, which, by the admirable tenor of his life, he would have contrived to it with usury. In fact his conduct was exemplary. As a merchant (for he was one, as he had accounts open with all the first houses in Switzerland) his punctuality and exactness were extreme. He kept his own books, and by double entry. Every night he struck his balance, and carried his cash-box up into his bed-room. His bill book was a model of precision and method. He held nothing more sacred than his signature, which was never protested. He made a right vow never to exceed his revenue by a stiver, and he kept his pledge sacredly. His probity also trembled at the idea of exceeding the little civil list which he had drawn up for himself on his country. As a social and worthy man, he was quoted in the Cantons. He had built a delightful villa, where he had a library, dining-room, parlour, and spare bed rooms. All the skill of Swiss horticulture was displayed in his garden, to which belonged a small farm, whence he supplied his household wants. As a moral character, he did good to all around him; he established schools of agriculture and industry—a memorable example, and which two benefactors to Switzerland have renewed with so much success. As a religious man, Schneider fulfilled all the duties of a Christian; and refunded in alms to the poor a portion of his capital, amounting to at least 4000 rix-dollars. Finally, as a political character, he made his exact returns of household; paid all due imposts; and at every public meeting, spoke conformably to the interests of the Canton, and voted according to his conscience. But Schneider did not conceal from himself, that his station as a man thus drawing on his country for his capital, carried on for fifty years, would occasion at his death a check to the national wealth of Switzerland; his honest heart was therefore occupied with devising means of production; it was not enough for his feelings that he left to his fellow citizens a great example of the power of credit, he wished also to create, or improve a branch of national industry, and for this purpose determined to travel. His attention was arrested by the Valley of Gruyeres and he remarked the beauty of the cows: he observed their independent life in the midst of fat pastures; he inquired and learned from the herdsmen of fame that the herbage of Gruyeres so aided the the udder of the cows, that they produced six times the usual quantities of milk. He saw that their products varied with the seasons; that in spring they would yield twenty-four pints of milk each cow, twelve in summer and six in autumn; whilst sitting economy suggested that he should forbear to milk during the three months of winter. Schneider undertook the management of a flock, and from his abundant supplies conceived the glorious thought of that celebrated cheese, which the Old and New World now consume with delight under the distinguished appellation of Gruyeres cheese. Soon herdsmen and cattle filled the fertile vale, and making cheese occupied all the inhabitants. Thus did Schneider pay his debt to his country, or rather was entitled to draw upon it for a double, or even triple capital; and thus, too, he rendered the universe tributary to a humble valley of Switzerland!

Ought he now to have felt a shadow of a shade of a scruple of drawing on his country for his allowance of 4000 rix-dollars annually? Assuredly not. Thus then the excellent Schneider saw his end and bankruptcy approach without perturbation. As he died with a clear and unsullied conscience, he was desirous of declaring with his own lips his honorable failure, and not leaving to the syndic the care of calling his creditors together. He employed the last days of his exemplary life in putting his house and cash-books in order; and having cast up all his accounts and adjusted his balances, he found that he owed 389,722 rix dollars, inclusive of interest for fifty years, and his creditors were upwards of three hundred. He assembled them on the 4th of January 1720. They were ignorant of Schneider's intentions, but such was their regard for, and confidence in, this excellent person, that not one of them was absent from the convocation. Schneider was conveyed in his bed to his hall: his bill book on his left hand, his cash journal on his right; and a ledger before him. His creditors being all assembled, he began by apologizing for the weakness of his voice, which no longer allowed him to be heard as distinctly as he could wish; he then endeavored to collect himself, and spake in the following words:—'Gentlemen, the great book of life is about to close on me; my account current has been open for upwards of seventy years. It is not for me to settle the balance of that debt: that is reserved for the Most High, who keeps the register of our actions. I behold him already prepared to make terrible additions to the immense sum already entered, and I tremble to learn the amount of the debt which will be made out against me.' (At this touching exordium, upwards of 300 pocket-handkerchiefs were extracted from upwards of 300 pockets, and applied to twice as many tears flowing from twice as many eyes.) The old man continued: 'If I cannot arrange my account with my Maker, he has at least left me the courage and strength necessary to settle with each of you. This is my entry book: you see it is arranged alphabetically: it corresponds with the folios of my ledger beside it, which is methodised according to the customs of business, and in which each of you will find the sum due to him,' (fresh tears, great sighs and groans.) 'You would be wrong, gentlemen, if you thought that, as in usual balances, there was an active and a passive balance,' (a movement of attention.) 'in that case it would be only an inventory similar to those you have so frequently seen, when the credits and debts are struck out to leave the surplus to direct or indirect heirs. Alas! I have only to offer you a passive balance.' (Motion of surprise.) 'Do not expect to receive thirty per cent., twenty per cent., ten per cent., of what is due to you: you will receive nothing—positively nothing.' (Expressions of amazement amongst the 300 and upwards.)

'My father the decemvir left me nothing but a volume of Constitutions; yet I had to live—it was necessary. I conceived the great idea of *credit*. I discovered that it was founded on the fidelity of paying arrears. I have been a proof of the justice of this fact. If you have the least doubt of it, I beg of you to cast your eyes over my accounts, in which I defy any one to detect the slightest error. I am at a loss to know which you will most admire, my discovery or my moderation, when you reflect that I could have drawn on all the capitals of Switzerland, and that by my exactitude in paying up the interests which I drew from your chests, I could easily have enlarged my bankruptcy to twenty times its present amount. You may assure yourselves that it does not exceed 389,722 rix dollars, of which, thanks to my skilful administration, the division is in nearly equal proportions amongst you. I made it my duty up to these my last moments so to manage my loans, that at this hour the sum borrowed is from as many as possible, and they the richest of the land. And what, let me inquire, my creditors, is this loss when compared with the admirable system of finance which you will now be able to present to your country? I, wretched mortal, am condemned to be a bankrupt; *but our Country dies not*, and its immortality will solve the sublime problem of credit.' Yes, gentlemen, a country may borrow on indefinitely, because it lives on to an indefinite period. Let Switzerland pay the precise interest of her debts, and then there is no reason why she should not some day absorb all the capitals of the world. Can you think that any one of you would have paid too dearly for this discovery even by a million of rix dollars? You may see that by this an inexhaustible source of prosperity is open to peaceful Helvetia, by my example, and it would be ridiculous to talk to you of my Gruyeres cheeses. Were I to expatiate upon the good I have done, I know that I should end by proving that you are all my debtors, and I prefer separating from you with the soothing idea that we are quits in the fullest extent of the word. I have served as an example to the rich; I have aided the poor. I have only moved some of your immense and torpid capitals to introduce them into channels in which they may find full occupation. I have begun the levelling those mountains of gold which it has pleased fortune to surround us withal. She was blind, and I, to use a characteristic expression, have performed on her the operation for the cataract.'

This discourse, so unexpected, produced in the minds of the assembled creditors sentiments of ecstacy and admiration. Each merchant, as a token of respect and gratitude, deposited at the foot of Schneider's bed the last bills which that worthy citizen had accepted; he offered a pen and each signed his acquittance. After putting all these bills in a packet, he raised them in his hands as if to show them to the world, and yielded his last breath, crying—'*Commerce of Switzerland, hail the standard of credit!*' To parody the words of a celebrated poet—

"With dying hand, above his head
He waved the bills, then sunk in lead,
And shouted victory!
Credit, Sirs, credit! wide and wider!
Were the last words of 'worthy Schneider.'"

"It is unnecessary to add that the most eloquent of the creditors proposed a small subscription from each to erect a monument to the noble Schneider, which was unanimously complied with, and Schneider was interred without pomp at Bruning, which divides Underwald from Oberland. It was there, on leaving Sarnen and coasting along the lake, that Mr. Pitt saw the tomb which covers the mortal remains of the 'interesting Schneider,' on which was the inscription:

"Der Entlegner."

Or the '*Borrower*.' The peculiarity of this epitaph attracted the attention of the embryo statesman. He questioned the guide, who told him the whole of Schneider's story word for word. When he arrived at the part,—'*I*, wretched mortal, am condemned to be bankrupt, *but our Country dies not*,' Pitt, as though wonder-stricken, continued to repeat the words '*but our Country dies not*,' with perfect enthusiasm. He ordered his horses without being able to assign any other motive than repeating '*our Country dies not*,' which he reiterated the whole way from Sarnen to Downing street. it was rumoured he was mad until he realized those famous loans with which England made war against Europe, conquered the Indies, subdued the colonies, and overthrew Napoleon, who would still have been living and on his throne if the inventor of Gruyeres cheeses had never existed.

THE RIVAL BEAUTIES.

The memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes furnish a variety of entertaining anecdotes, from which we commend the following to the notice of the fair readers of the Atlas.—*ib*

"Madame Leclerc informed us that she had prepared for the occasion a dress, which, to use her own expression, she expected would *immortalise* her. This dress was a subject of the most serious consideration with her for a week before she was destined to wear it, and she enjoined the strictest secrecy on Madame Germon and Charbonnier.* She requested permission to dress at our house, which she frequently did, in order that she might enter the ball-room with her dress completely fresh and unrumpled. Only those who knew Madame Leclerc at that time, can form any idea of the impression she produced on entering my mother's drawing-room. The head-dress consisted of bandelettes of a very soft fine kind of fur, of a tiger pattern. These bandelettes were surmounted by bunches of grapes in gold; but the hair was not dressed so high as it is now worn. She was a faithful copy of a bacchante, such as are seen in antique statues or cameos; and in truth the form of Madame Leclerc's head, and the classic regularity of her features, emboldened her to attempt an imitation which would have been hazardous in most women. Her robe, of exquisitely fine India muslin, had a deep bordering of gold; the pattern grapes and vine-leaves. With this she wore a tunic of the purest Greek form, with a bordering similar to her dress, which displayed her fine figure to admirable advantage. This tunic was confined on the shoulders by cameos of great value. The sleeves, which were very short, were lightly gathered on small bands, which were also fastened with cameos. Her girdle, which was placed below the bosom, as is seen in the Greek statues, consisted of a gold band, the clasp of which was a superbly cut antique stone. She entered the drawing-room without her gloves, displaying her beautiful white round arms, which were adorned with bracelets formed of gold and cameos. It is impossible to describe the effect her appearance produced. Her entrance seemed absolutely to illumine the room. The perfect harmony in every part of the beautiful whole elicited a buzz of admiration, which was not very complimentary to the other ladies present. The gentlemen all thronged round her, as she advanced towards a seat which my mother had reserved for her; for Paulette was a particular favourite of my mother, who indeed regarded her almost as her own child. The ladies were all much piqued at the beauty and the elegant dress of Mademoiselle Buonaparte, the wife of General Leclerc. They whispered to one another, but loud enough to be heard by Paulette, that such an impudent display of extravagance was exceedingly unbecoming in a woman who had been almost in starvation only three years before. But these expressions of female envy were speedily drowned by the admiration of the other sex. The beauty of Madame de Contades was now entirely eclipsed, and soon after Madame Leclerc's entrance, she found herself abandoned by her circle of admirers; or if any of them approached her, it was only to make some provoking remark complimentary to the charms of Paulette. 'Give me your arm,' said she, to a gentleman near; and the next moment the Diana-like figure of Madame Contades was seen moving across the drawing room, and advancing towards Madame Leclerc. The latter had withdrawn to my mother's boudoir, because, she said, the heat of the drawing-room and the motion of the dancers made her ill; though I believe the true reason was, that a long sofa in the boudoir afforded her the opportunity of displaying her graceful figure and attitudes to the best advantage. This manœuvre, however, proved unlucky for her. The room was small and brilliantly lighted; and as Madame Leclerc reclined upon the sofa, a stream of light descended full upon her head. Madame de Contades looked at her attentively; and instead of making any of the ill-natured observations which had fallen from the other ladies, she first admired the dress, then the figure, then the face. Returning a second time to the *coiffure*, she expatiated on its taste and elegance; then suddenly turning to the gentleman on whose arm she was leaning, she exclaimed, 'Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! how unfortunate that such a pretty woman should be deformed! Did you never observe it? What a pity it is!' Had these exclamations been uttered in the drawing room, it is probable that the sound of the music and the dancing would have drowned Madame de Contades' voice, though she generally spoke in a pretty loud tone; as it was, every word resounded through the little boudoir, and the scarlet which suffused the face of Madame Leclerc was much too deep to improve her beauty. Madame de Contades fixed her eyes of fire on Paulette, as if she would look her through, and the tone of compassion in which she uttered the words, 'What a pity!' sufficiently informed Paulette that her triumph was at end. All this (which perhaps I have described with rather too much prolixity) took place in the space of little more than a minute; but these details are necessary, to shew

* A milliner and a hair-dresser, at that time much in fashion.

the mode in which the attack was managed, and the success with which a woman of ingenuity may avenge her wounded vanity. 'What is the matter?' inquired some one who stood near Madame de Contades. 'The matter!' said she, 'do you not see the two enormous ears which disfigure each side of her head? I declare if I had such a pair of ears, I would have them cut off, and I will advise Madame Leclerc to do so. There can be no harm in advising a woman to have her ears cut off.' All eyes were now turned towards Madame Leclerc's head, not as before, to admire it, but to wonder at the deformity with which its beauty was disfigured. The truth is, that nature must have been in one of her most capricious moods, when she placed two such ears on the right and left of a charming face. They were merely pieces of thin white cartilage, almost without any curling; but this cartilage was not *enormous*, as Madame de Contades said; it was merely ugly, and its ugliness was the more conspicuous on account of the beautiful features with which it was contrasted. A young woman but little accustomed to society is easily embarrassed; this was the case with Madame Leclerc when she read in the faces of her surrounding admirers the effect produced by the remarks of Madame de Contades. The result of this little scene was, that Paulette burst into tears, and, on the plea of indisposition, retired before midnight."

THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK—A SCENE.*

By Mrs. Hemans.

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh! think
And let it temper thy wo's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than woman's friendship just.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

SCENE—*A Room in an Italian Cottage. The Ladies reclining upon a Landscape at sunset.*

FRANCESCO—TERESA.

TERESA.

The fever's fine hath left thy cheek, beloved!
Thine eyes, that make the day-spring in my heart,
Are clear and still once more. Wilt thou look forth?
Now, while the sunset with low-streaming light—
The light thou lov'st—hath made the chestnut stems
All burning bronze, the lake one sea of gold!
Wilt thou be raised upon the couch, to meet
The rich air fill'd with wandering scents and sounds?
Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head once more
On the true bosom, lulling thee to rest
With vesper hymns?

FRANCESCO.

No, gentlest love! not now:
My soul is wakeful—lingering to look forth,
Not on the sun, but thee! Doth the light sleep
So gently on the lake? and are the stems
Of our own chestnuts by that alchymy
So richly changed?—and is the orange-scent
Floating around?—But I have said farewell,
Farewell to earth, Teresa! not to thee,
Nor yet to our deep love, nor yet as life
Unto the spirit of mine art, which flows
Back on my soul in mastery!—one last work!
And I will shrine my wealth of glowing thoughts,
Clinging affection and undying hope,
All that is in me for eternity,
All, all, in that memorial.

TERESA.

Oh! what dream
Is this, mine own Francesco? Waste thou not
Thy scarce-returning strength; keep thy rich thoughts
For happier days! they will not melt away
Like passing music from the lute;—dear friend!
Dearest of friends! thou canst win back at will
The glorious visions.

FRANCESCO.

Yes! the unseen land
Of glorious visions hath sent forth a voice
To call me hence. Oh! be thou not deceived
Bind to thy heart no *earthly* hope, Teresa!
I must, *must* leave thee! Yet be strong, my love,
As thou hast still been gentle!

TERESA.

Oh, Francesco!
What will this dim world be to me, Francesco,
When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all—
My only sunshine!—How can I bear on?
How can we part? We that have loved so well,
With clasping spirits link'd so long by grief—
By tears—by prayer?

FRANCESCO.

Even *therefore* we can part,
With an immortal trust, that such high love
Is not of things to perish.
Let me leave
One record still, to prove it strong as death,
Even in Death's hour of triumph. Once again,
Stand with thy meek hands folded on thy breast,
And eyes half veil'd, in thine own soul absorb'd,
As in thy watchings, ere I sink to sleep:
And I will give the bending flower-like grace
Of that soft form, and the still sweetness throned
On that pale brow, and in that quivering smile
Of voiceless love, a life that shall outlast
Their delicate earthly being. There—thy head
Bow'd down with beauty, and with tenderness,
And lowly thought—even thus—my own Teresa!
Oh! the quick glancing radiance, and bright bloom
That once around thee hung, have melted now
Into more solemn light—but holier far,
And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine eyes,
Than all that summer flush! For by my couch,
In patient and serene devotedness,
Thou hast made those rich hues and sunny smiles,
Thine offering unto me. Oh! I may give
Those pensive lips, that clear Madonna brow,
And the sweet earnestness of that dark eye,
Unto the canvass—I may catch the flow
Of all those drooping locks, and glorify
With a soft halo what is imaged thus—
But how much rests unbreathed! My faithful one!
What thou hast been to me! This bitter world,
This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice
To greet the heavenly spirit—that drives back
All Birds of Eden, which would sojourn here
A little while—how have I turn'd away
From its keen soulless air, and in *thy* heart,
Found ever the sweet fountain of response,
To quench my thirst for home!
The dear work grows
Beneath my hand—the last? Each faintest line
With treasured memories fraught. Oh! weep thou not
Too long, too bitterly, when I depart!
Surely a bright home waits us both—for I,
In all my dreams, have turn'd me not from God;
And Thou—oh! best and purest! stand thou there—
There, in thy hallow'd beauty, shadowing forth
The lowliness of love!

* Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Bl—.

PROGRESS OF THE CHOLERA IN ENGLAND.

THE CHOLERA has reached the metropolis. It suddenly appeared in London on Saturday, the 12th of February. *Ten* cases and *seven* deaths were announced in the space of 24 hours.

The subject of the Cholera was brought up in the House of Commons on Monday, the 13th February, the day after it made its appearance in London. Mr. Thompson, in reply to Mr. Croker, stated that cases of decided Cholera had certainly occurred, and that as the best way of preventing unnecessary alarm, the government had adopted every possible method to spread correct information on the subject, through the medium of public journals, &c. Government, he said, were about to apply for a bill to increase the powers of the Privy Council, so as to enable them to take more effectual means for checking the progress of the distemper. The Chancellor of the Exchequer added that a series of papers illustrative of the character and progress of the Cholera would be shortly laid before Parliament. These papers were afterwards, on Tuesday the 14th of February, laid before both Houses and ordered to be printed.

London, Feb 15.—The total number of cases reported at Rotherhithe, Limehouse, Ratcliffe highway, Lambeth and Southwark, are as follows:

Cases	16	Deaths	7

Feb. 16.—*Reports received—this day.*—In London 12 new cases, 4 deaths, (viz. Southwark 11, Lambeth 1.) In the north of England 39 new cases, 15 deaths.

At Limehouse, up to one o'clock yesterday, it may be stated, on the authority of a member of the board of health of that place, that no new case of cholera had occurred. With regard to Rotherhithe, the statements as to any case there are believed to be wholly without foundation.

In the House of Commons last night, the bill for preventing, as far as may be possible, the extension of the cholera in England, was passed. A similar bill for Scotland was brought in and read a first time.

City, two o'clock.—The citizens care not a farthing for the cholera, but the effect of the alarm respecting it is indeed a serious affair. We hear of nothing but the stagnation of business; outward bound ships stopped, and unloading; all orders sent to the manufacturing districts countermanded, and about two thousand laborers employed in the shipping in the river discharging. Many assert that the deaths are from the typhus fever and famine.

Custom House, Feb. 14.—Sir—In reply to your letter of this date, I beg to inform you that an order has been received from the Lords of the Council, acquainting this Board that clean bills of health are not to be issued to vessels clearing out from the port of London, and that it should be stated in the bills that cases of Cholera have occurred in London within the last two days. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

J. WHITMORE.

John Bennett, Esq. Secretary, Lloyd's.

Council Office, Whitehall, Feb. 15, 1832.—The Lords of the Council have just received an intimation that the Bishop of London has directed the clergy of his diocese in no cases to permit the bodies of persons dying of cholera to be carried into the church previous to interment.

The following has been issued from the Council Office:

"*Cholera.*—Looseness of the bowels is the beginning of Cholera.

Thousands of lives may be saved by attending in time to this complaint, which should on no account be neglected by either young or old, in places where the disease prevails.

When cramps in the legs, arms, and belly are felt, with looseness or sickness at the stomach, when medical assistance is not at hand, three teaspoons-full of mustard powder in half a pint of warm water, or the same quantity of warm water with as much common salt as it will melt, should be taken as a vomit; and after the stomach has been cleared with more warm water, twenty-five drops of laudanum should be taken in a small glass of any agreeable drink.

Heated Plates or Platters to be applied to the belly and pit of the stomach.

As persons run considerable risk of being infected by visiting those suffering from this disease in crowded rooms, it is most earnestly recommended that only such a number of persons as are sufficient to take care of the sick be admitted into the room.

W. MACLEAN, Secretary.

Central Board of Health, Whitehall, Feb. 15."

Among the propositions made respecting the cholera, is a plan proposed by a physician, for families to contract, at a fixed price per quarter, to have daily medical visits, to regulate the general health of the household. This plan mus produce good results.

Three cases of cholera have occurred in Glasgow, two of which have terminated fatally.

In the north of England the number of cases since our last publication has been, according to the official reports, 465; the deaths 127—making a total in that part of the kingdom since its commencement of 4452 cases, and 1331 deaths, viz:—Newcastle, 935 cases, 294 deaths; North Shields, &c. 270 cases, 69 deaths; Hetton, &c. 112 cases, 81 deaths; Haddington, N.B &c. 121 cases, 57 deaths; Tranent, &c. 252 cases, 67 deaths; Preston-Pans, 96 cases, 18 deaths; North Berwick, 16 cases, 7 deaths; Musselburgh, 411 cases, 180 deaths; Hawick, N. B. 17 cases, 4 deaths; Edinburgh, 12 cases, 6 deaths; Glasgow and suburbs, 3 cases, 2 deaths.—In all, 2,546 cases—785 deaths. Totals from places where the disease has ceased, and from which no returns have this day been received, 1,900 cases, 546 deaths. Grand total, 4,452 cases, 1,313 deaths.—*Feb.* 15.

The disease is spreading rapidly and committing great ravages in Scotland. The deaths are on a higher proportion to the cases than in England; they are also more numerous in proportion to the population. At Haddington, where the disease has prevailed with much severity, it is no longer confined to the poor, but several respectable individuals, in easy circumstances, have died of it; some after an illness of ten, twelve, or fifteen hours. It has broken out at Hawick, on the border, "so that in the east end and centre of the country, says an English paper it is now fairly established." The people of Edinburgh made early preparation for it. Before the disease appeared, there were three hospitals erected, capable of receiving one hundred and sixty patients, with all the necessary attendants, and a fourth is in preparation. Stations for the distribution of medicines in convenient parts of the town were established, so that the medical attendant could be immediately supplied with what was necessary. Covered litters for the conveyance of patients were provided. The city was divided into districts, under the gratuitous care of 100 medical men, with a reserve of forty or fifty to be directed to the district first attacked. The police arrangements were made most effective for the removal of vagrants, and the suppression of vagrancy—6 soup kitchens, issuing daily 5,800 qts. of soup, and 6,500 rations of bread were put in immediate requisition.

Dr. White, of Gateshead, in a letter published by him, states that the most general premonitory symptoms, in cases of cholera are, first, diarrhœa, the evacuations at the commencement, of a dark brown or blackish hue, gradually becoming less and less feculent, until they assume the appearance of dirty water. Slight cramps, most frequently of the toes, twitchings in the abdomen, with giddiness and sickness occasionally accompanying it. The treatment which Dr. White has found so beneficial in combatting these symptoms, is expressed in the following extract:—

"I beg most particularly to enforce the benefit derivable from washing the whole body with warm water, and afterwards producing a genial glow upon the surface by frictions with coarse cloths. I was induced to adopt this plan for two reasons. First from the known sympathy between the stomach and bowels and the skin; and secondly, because I am of opinion that a strong infecting medium exists in the filth allowed to accumulate upon the persons of the poor, their clothes absorbing the noxious exhalations that float around in a contaminated atmosphere, thus presenting the cutaneous pores, if I may so express myself, a perfect plaster of infection."

Dr C. Negri, in the *Lancet* of February 11, strongly recommends the trial of pure bark, either in place of opium and brandy, or in combination with them, in cases of malignant cholera. His conclusions in favor of this remedy are drawn from the intermittent character which distinguishes this disease. He observes, "I am very strongly inclined to believe in its efficacy, because it is but a very short time ago since I had the opportunity of seeing, at a public institution, two very similar instances, which presented more severe symptoms, and were perfectly cured by the free administration of bark alone."

LITERARY DINNER.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.—The annual dinner in commemoration of the poet Burns, took place on the 25th January, in London, with a greater degree of interest attaching to it than has attended any meeting of a similar description for some time past, in consequence of the presence of the sons of Burns, the Ettrick Shepherd, and all the leading literary characters of the metropolis. Sir John Malcolm in the chair. On the right, was Mr. Hogg; on the left, Mr. Burns, eldest son of the poet; and next to him Captain Burns, the second son. Among those at the upper table, Lord Mahon, Lord Porchester, Sir George Murray, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, Sir Peter Laurie, Messrs. Sotheby, Wrangham, &c., and in other parts of the room were Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Otway Cave, Captain Basil Hall, Mr. A. Cunningham, &c.

After the memory of Burns, and several other toasts had been given,

The Chairman said the next toast was one to which he must call their peculiar attention, and to which he had no doubt they were prepared to do honor. To the person he was then to propose to them he had no doubt that he must ascribe the extraordinary number of gentlemen who were present, and who came prepared to do honor to another national bard. [Cheers.] He saw another bard, and a bard of no common fame, whose birth-day, by a singular coincidence, fell on the same day as that of Robin Burns, who had now reached his 60th year, and who having never before visited London, presented to them, in these travelling days, a most remarkable circumstance. He was a true Scotchman, and that he never before left Scotland, that he had never before visited the metropolis, though he had had many opportunities, was only to be ascribed to his great affection to his native country. [Hear.] For that affection there was not one Scotchman present, who would not, he was sure, give the Ettrick Shepherd a cordial reception, and drink his health with the warmest applause. The inspiration of the poet who possessed the true poetic genius, was above his praise: but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his respected friend had many other titles, which were known to the company, to the general approbation. He would say no more, but wish him, after a due season of enjoyment here, a safe return to that happy home, which was the greatest blessing the Almighty could bestow. [Cheers.] The chairman concluded by calling on the company to drink "the health of Mr. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, with three times three." The toast was drank with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Hogg mounted the table to return thanks, and was received with applause. He said he rose with feelings of satisfaction to acknowledge the honor done him; and if it were said that he was not to rise in the world, he would say—looking down, as he did, on the illustrious chairman—that those who said that, were mistaken. He could at other times talk for the "hour by Shrewsbury clock," but on that occasion his heart was faint, and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. He could not then pour out, as he could at other times, the warm feelings of his heart, for his tongue was unpractised to speak before such an assembly. It had long been his ambition to obtain the approbation of his countrymen as a poet; he had thought, perhaps, that he might one day have that honour—he had ventured to hope it, from the kind favors he had previously received; and when he looked round on that great assembly, who would say that he had not attained the great object of his ambition? [Cheers.] He had attained that object in the judgment of the literary men of this great metropolis; they were assembled on this occasion, and they could not retract. [Cheers.] It was very true, and as extraordinary as true, that of all the 365 days in the year he was born on the same day of the year as Robin Burns was born, and on that day he was sixty years old; and he could say more, he was born within twenty-five minutes of the hour when his health was drank. [Laughter and cheers.] He could say, too, as he had frequently heard it stated, that the night was very dark and stormy, the waters were out, and, when the midwife came, it was discovered that she had ridden all the way on a horse that had belonged to Burns. It was these circumstances that had made him resolve to be a successor, if possible, to that great poet. He had these circumstances told him—he had cherished them in his heart—and he had resolved, like that great man, to be a natural poet. [Cheers.] In that, perhaps, there was nothing extraordinary: but it did appear to him as having some influence over his fate. He could believe, that it was being born on the 25th of January, that made him a poet like Burns. The world had seen what Burns had done, and he had often reflected how much more he would have done had he lived to his age; but he died too soon. His own lot had been of a higher description; and he could say that he had no sordid motives. In his belief he had felt in his soul the true charm of poetry—he had felt himself devoted to song—and had always cherished the sentiment and the hope that he might be a successful bard. When he saw all the literary men who were assembled to celebrate the birth day of two Scotch poets, he could not but think the circumstance most remarkable, while he saw his fondest hope achieved. It was to him an additional satisfaction to see at the head of the table a Scotchman who had raised himself to the highest dignities by his own merit, and of whose services in arms, and of whose productions in literature, his country had good reason to be proud. [Cheers.]

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.—After the lava from Vesuvius, on the side towards Pompeii, had ceased to flow for nearly two months, and the volcano, with the occasional eruption of a thick smoke, had been tolerably quiet, we were suddenly alarmed on the evening of Christmas day, by seeing a considerable stream of lava flowing down the side of the mountain towards Naples, or more properly Portici, precisely on the way by which travellers usually ascend from the hermitage Salvatore. Previously, in the morning, we had remarked circumstances which seemed to prognosticate this event. During the whole day the entire declivity of the mountain had been enveloped in a dense fog, which remained stationary, and proved to be the smoke from the streaming lava, that became visible at the approach of evening.

On the first evening the stream reached the valley of Atrio del Cavalla, which lies at the foot of the mountain. On the second day, the 26th, it made a turn towards the right, as seen from this place in the direction towards Resina; the hermitage lies on the right, and will therefore escape. It appears that it flows in the enormous bed of the lava of 1822, and will, it is hoped, expend itself in it before it reaches the vineyards. But should it last longer than the preceding

one on the opposite side, it may possibly occasion much damage, as the vineyards are here much nearer to the crater. This stream has not been accompanied by any, unless very partial, eruptions from the crater; though some persons affirm that they have heard detonations at this place. Thus we have every night a scene before us, to behold which alone would repay a visit to Naples.

It almost seemed as if we had approached 10 degrees nearer to the equator: till Christmas we have had by night 8 degrees, and by day from 12 to 14 degrees Reaumur of heat. With much surprise we saw the acacias in the villa, which had scarcely lost their leaves, put forth new ones. It is now rather more wintry—if a temperature of 6 or 7 degrees of heat can be called winter.—*Naples, Dec.* 31, 1831.

The general Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of this city with characteristic and most commendable zeal, are taking measures for the improvement of the *Apprentices' Library*, and the extension of the means of education and intellectual improvement. They propose to raise $20,000 or $25,000 by donations, to establish male and female schools on a more extended plan, with a department embracing the Classics, Mathematics, Architecture, Drawing, Design and Civil Engineering. They also propose to open a larger room for the Library, with one or more reading rooms; and a lecture room provided with chemical and philosophical apparatus. A noble institution this indeed will be—worthy of a liberal and intelligent society, and a great honour to the city, as well as a safeguard to thousands of youth. More than 1,400 apprentices are now regular readers of the library, which contains 10,000 volumes.—*D. Adv.*

Testimony.—A witness was called upon to testify concerning the reputation of another witness for veracity.—"Why," said he, "I hardly know what to tell you. Mr. ——— sometimes jests and jokes, and then I don't believe him; but when he undertakes to tell any thing for a fact, I believe him about as much as I do the *rest of my neighbours*."

A Conciser's Feat.—In an announcement of performances is the following:—"He will then drive eight tenpenny nails in the small of any gentleman's back: place the individual in a *loadstone* chair, and draw out the nails without his feeling any pain."!

A Royal Pun.—The King, who is known to be very fond of a pun, a few days ago amused the party at the Pavilion by the following con:—Why am I less likely to be Burked than any body else in the Kingdom?—D'ye give it up? Because they can't make a *subject* of me.—He! he! he!—*Age.*

In the House of Lords, on the 2d Feb. the Duke of Sussex on presenting a petition from the London College of Surgeons, praying from the removal of the obstruction to procuring human *subjects for dissection*, stated that he had directed in his will that his body should undergo dissection. He had inserted this provision in his will from conceiving it possible that something might be found in his body that would benefit society at large. As a religious man, he felt no scruples on the subject, his hopes being fixed upon a world with which the frail elements of mortality had no communion.

Death of Dr. Bell.—This truly good man died at Lindsay Cottage, Cheltenham, on Saturday last, after a long illness, in the 80th year of his age. Dr. Bell had the high gratification of seeing his system of education universally adopted. He had resided some time in India, was Prebendary of Westminster, and Master of the Sherborne Institution, Durham; and in the course of his long and virtuous life, had accumulated great wealth, which he munificently disposed of to various National Institutions, to the amount of 120,000*l.*—*Eng. paper.*

Lord *Kinsale* died on the 25th ult. at his residence at Kinsale, county of Cork. His Lordship was premier baron of Ireland, and possessed the hereditary right of wearing his hat in the royal presence, granted by King John to De Courcy, Earl of Ulster. The deceased is succeeded in his titles by his younger brother, the Honourable Lieutenant Gerald De Courcy.

General Belliard, French Ambassador at Brussels, and one of the oldest and most distinguished of her Generals fell down in a apoplectic fit in the Park on the 28th of Jan and soon expired. He was in the 63d year of his age.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 7th, David Forney, to Miss Mary Jane Steward.

At Nockville, Theodore Martine, to Miss Matilda, daughter of James Flanagan, Esq.

At West Point, Charles Sylvain Hatet, of France, to Miss Charlotte Victoire Laure, daughter of the late Baron Rodet de Saint Michael, Colonel of the Imperial Guard.

At Geneva, T. P. Handy, Cashier of the Commercial Bank of Lake Erie, at Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Harriet M. Hall, daughter of Abraham R. Hall.

At Boston, Samuel Thatcher, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth L. P. Johnston.

At Salem, Mass. Captain Samuel Benson, to Miss Sarah M. Prentiss.

At Springfield, Lt. John Child, to Miss Laura Dwight.

At Newburyport, Rufus Strong Howard, Principal of the Latin and English High School, to Miss Martha, daughter of the Late Richard Pike, Esq.

At Cambridgeport, George Sumner, of New York, to Miss Maria H. Bosco.

At Salem, Francis B. Crowninshield, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Sarah G., daughter of the Hon. Samuel Putnam.

At Great Falls, N.H. Charles Gault, of Brooklyn, N.Y. to Miss Mary Ann Sargent.

At Philadelphia, Wm. G. E. Agnew, formerly of Augusta, Ga. to Miss Sarah L. Cox.

In Nash co. N.C. Dr. Robert Williams, of Pitt co. to Miss Caroline H. M. Drake, daughter of Major John H. Drake.

DIED,

In this city, on the 23d, Mrs. Mary Van Horne, widow of the late James Van Horne, merchant of this city, aged 85.

On the 25th, Mrs. Margaret Phillips, widow of Miles C. Phillips, aged 70.

At Albany, Robert B. Hall, Esq. aged 58.

At Germantown, Albany co. George Peters, scn. aged 75.

At Groveland, Livingston co. Mrs. Alida Carroll, wife of Charles H. Carroll, Esq. and daughter of the late Jeremiah Van Rensselaer of Canandaigua.

At Middlebrough, Southerie co. Mrs. Sarah Donnely, wife of the Hon. Thomas P. Danforth, aged 37.

At Boston, Wm. Hunt, a revolutionary soldier, formerly of Milton, aged 73.

At Providence, R.I. George Jackson, Esq. President of the Exchange Bank.

At Sullivan, N.H. Aaron Parks, a soldier of the revolution, aged 74.

At Philadelphia, Allen Armstrong, aged 47, late a merchant of that city.

In Chester co. Pa. Jacob Stricker, a revolutionary soldier, aged 80, he fought in the battles of Brandywine, Trenton, Monmouth, Stoney Point, Eatau Springs, and Yorktown. He was at the taking of Lord Cornwallis.

At Norfolk, in the Naval Hospital, Lt. Alexander Eskridge, of the U. S. Navy.

At Edgeville, near Georgetown, S. C. Capt. Frederick H. Collin, aged 59, son of Alexander Collin, Esq. of Hudson, N.York.

At Havana, Ebenezer Rollins, Esq. formerly of Boston.

At St. Croix, Daniel W. Buck, son of Gordon Buck of this city, aged 21.

At Trowbridge, Eng. the Rev. George Crabbe, LL.D., the celebrated poet, aged 78.

At Paris, Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, of the British Navy.

At Cronstadt, in Russia, Richard L. Waller, of this city aged 27.

LITHOGRAPHY AND PAINTING.

BISBEE, 141 Nassau st. will execute from life, in lithography, correct likenesses, from the size of miniature to that of life, and at from ten to fifty dollars. Also, portraits painted in oil colours.

N.B. Likenesses taken from corpses by a quick and correct process of a few moments. N.Y., March 31.

SHERMAN'S NEWLY INVENTED TRUSS,

FOR *the retention and cure of ruptures.*—This new truss gives immediate relief in the most desperate cases, where all other trusses have failed. It is calculated to retain *hernia* in the most difficult cases, being correctly adapted to every species of abdominal or groin rupture, and so constructed as to afford the patient much greater ease and security than any instrument hitherto invented for this purpose. It has cured in a few weeks. Indeed, the high character this new instrument has already obtained in the short time it has been in use, is decisive as to its utility.

This truss obtained a premium at the fair of the American Institute, since which it has been greatly improved. And among the certificates already in its favor are those of the following distinguished surgeons:—Alexander H. Stevens, M.D. professor of surgery and anatomy in the college of physicians and surgeons of New York; Wm. Anderson, M.D. late professor of surgery and anatomy; J. Kearney Rodgers, M.D., and John C. Cheesman, M.D., surgeons to the New York Hospital.

In fact it is only necessary that this *truss* be properly adjusted, and the principles upon which it operates fairly understood, to give the most perfect satisfaction to every patient, and obtain the approval of the whole medical faculty.

The medical profession generally are invited to examine this new truss, and become acquainted with its surgical action and adaptation; and also, if possible, better informed of the correct surgical principles in relation to this frequent and troublesome disease, and its antidote.

Mr. Sherman's office for the sale and application of his new trusses is No. 566 Pearl street, near Broadway, opposite the New York Hospital.

P.S. All letters on this subject to be addressed, post paid, to A. Sherman, as above. march 31.

FINE

POCKET-BOOKS.

GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—

(Principally for Booksellers.)

Wholesale and Retail,

By **T. BUSSING**, Manufacturer,

70 William-street.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire *good* articles for retailing, will find it *their* interest to call and examine the *quality* and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Steel-Trimm'd Card Cases, Pocket Books, &c. at *very* reasonable prices, worthy the attention of *those* who desire a *neat* and *good* article. jan.21.

WRITING AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER No. 46 and 48 Nassau st. has for sale a large assortment of Writing and Dressing Cases.

Fancy Morocco Goods made to order.

MUSICAL PARTIES, *At Broadway Coffee House* 646 *Broadway.*—Wm. Randoll informs his friends and the public, that his Musical Parties continue every Monday evening at 7 o'clock. dec.17

QUILLS, PENS, AND WAFERS,

At the Subscriber's Factory, No. 60 William-st. N.Y.

BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any other on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped that domestic manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that art can do shall be neglected to have the workmanship superior to any produced here from a foreign market; which, no doubt, the *trade* will admit. The terms by which the different dressings are known, are—1st, double Dutched; 2d, pale and yellow clarified; 3d, fluted opaque; and 4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the proprietor, and have given, for the time in use, universal satisfaction.

mar.3. P. BYRNE.

FRENCH CHLORINE PHARMACUM,

FOR the cure of gleet and urithritis or gonorrhœa, without the use of internal medicines, in both sexes. It also cleans and heals all foul ulcers, wherever they may be situated, cures salt rheum, and removes all herpetic eruptions from the skin. From late discoveries and experiments, the author considers this Compound of Chlorine the most important improvement in the cure of gonorrhœa that has yet been offered to the public. Its effects in the inflamed membrane of the urethra, is to destroy the poison that keeps up the discharge and inflammation. The tedious method of taking various medicines internally for this local disease is unnecessary and vexatious. Simple gonorrhœa, and all the troublesome affections arising from the old method of cure will be removed by the use of this injection in a few days, without a single dose of medicine internally. Directions must at the same time be explicitely adhered to.—Sold wholesale and retail by

JAMES H. HART,

mar.24. Cor. Broadway and Chambers st. N.Y.

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED BLACK LEAD PENCIL,

AND

EVER POINT LEAD MANUFACTURER,

AND IMPORTER OF

FANCY ARTICLES,

No. 71 WILLIAM-STREET,

NEW YORK.

TO THE LADIES.

L. CHAPMAN, 69 William st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books, Card Cases*, and *Needle Books*, all of which are finished in a superior style.

N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New York, known as "the ever and always lucky," would remind his friends, that all orders for Managers' Lottery Tickets, must be addressed to his office, to insure confidential attention. Sylvester's fame is so well known at this time, that he need not puff, or advertise daily; but he will here state, that he has no connexion with any other person in this city, and that letters should be sent to

S. J. SYLVESTER, New-York.
S. J. SYLVESTER, Baltimore, Md.
S. J. SYLVESTER, Pittsburg, Pa.

Numbers drawn on the 28th:—5 39 30 4 23 42 37 9 48.

To Banks, Merchants, Traders, Dealers, etc. etc.—The Subscriber has enlarged the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector & Price Current to the imperial size. It is now complete in every department; and, in addition to the useful tables, it contains a great variety of reading matter. The Counterfeit and Bank Note List is the largest ever published. Terms, $2.50 per ann. in advance; it is sent gratis to all who deal in any manner with

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

TO PRINTERS.—*A. Pell & Brother*, (late William Hagar & Co.) have removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No. 26 Gold-street, corner of John-street, New York, and having greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great despatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturers' prices—chases, composing sticks, cases, &c. &c.

They have complete series of Fonts, from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with those of other Foundries) at six months' credit,—or seven and a half per cent. discount for cash:—Six line Pica, and all larger, 28 cts.; Cannon to six line Pica, 30 cts.; Double English to Double Paragon, 32 cts.; Great Primer to Double Pica, 34 cts.; English and Pica, 36 cts.; Small Pica, 38 cts.; Long Primer, 40 cts.; Bourgeois, 46 cts.; Brevier, 56 cts.; Minion, 70 cts; Nonpareil, 90 cts.; Agate, $1.16; Pearl, $1 40; and Diamond, 2.60 per lb. All other articles of the Type Foundry in proportion.

A. Pell & Brother cast their book and newspaper Fonts of a metal much lighter than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A. P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the "Smith Press," manufactured by R. Hoe & Co., and for the "Washington Press," invented by Rust. The following are the prices at six months' credit:—Medium or Royal, $230; Super Royal, 240; Imperial, 250; No. 2 do., 260; No. 3 do. $270. *New York, Feb.* 28, 1832.

*** Printers of papers throughout the U. States and Canada who will give the above advertisement a few insertions, will be allowed three dollars in the settlement of their accounts, or in articles from the Foundry, provided four times that amount be purchased.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Pictou Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert-street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, *Coke* of superior quality, for smelting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $5 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1-5th ton); Pictou Coals, $6 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed, $10 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Pictou Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke, $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laieg & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 263 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton-street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN 27 Broadway

DANIEL KLAUBERG, 84 MAIDEN LANE,

Surgical and Chirurgical Instrument Maker,

AND dealer in fine cutlery, returns his unfeigned thanks to his friends and the citizens of New York generally, for the very liberal encouragement he has received since his first establishment in this city, which he will ever hold in grateful remembrance.

Having resolved to locate himself in the enterprizing settlement of St. Louis, (Missouri,) he will remove from this city on the 1st of May next; and, as he has a very fine assortment of articles in his line on hand he invites professional gentlemen, and those who use fine cutlery, &c. to call at the old stand, 84 Maiden lane, without delay, as he is determined to dispose of them on the most reasonable terms for cash.

D. K. requests all persons to whom he may be indebted, to send in their accounts for settlement; and hopes that those indebted to him, will call without delay and make payment. mar. 21.

LADIES' WHITE BEAVER HATS.

E. BLOOMER, No. 160 Broadway, New York, has just commenced manufacturing *Ladies' White Beaver Hats*, entirely of a new form and finish, which excel any thing of the kind ever got up in this country.

E. B. has used every exertion in procuring workmen of the first talents in their profession, and relies upon the patronage of his friends and customers throughout the United States for a remuneration, and trusts his hopes will be realized by a discriminating public.

nov.9.e

WHITE VELVET SPONGE,

PREPARED from the finest and best lot of sponge in market, and unsurpassed in beauty of shade and texture. Prepared and for sale wholesale and retail by George D. Cogghill, Apothecary, mar. 24. 1w. on Pearl and Rose sts.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, MD., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M. D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M. D, Amariah Wright, M. D. and John C. Cheesman, M. D.

August 6 1y38

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the best possible manner, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth.

These teeth possess decided advantages and evidence superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and are all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are Incorruptible! and with their *colour*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the last period of human existence. In point of *economy* they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeal of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it *not* unjust to appropriate the *name* to teeth of *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to *caution* his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only*.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metallic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus *tartar*, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumbiles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. Operative Dental Surgeon,

Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"

No 5 Chambers street.